

#95c
CA901

agent 0008 returns...
for a hot time in
a time machine!

THE SIN FUNNEL

Clyde Allison



A CANDID READER / ADULT READING

THE SIN FUNNEL

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CHAPTER/1

THE MAGNIFICENTLY FULL-BREADED NUDE young girl stood by the side of my bed and smiled down at me. Then, still smiling, she reached out and grasped my cock, her slender naked fingers encircling the hot flesh.

Ordinarily, when I'm lying unclothed on a bed, and a nude and gorgeous girl reaches out and grabs me, I grab back. But not this time. I was like sick. So sick I could hardly move. You wouldn't believe how sick I was.

So I just lay there while she took my pulse...

"Hmmm," she mused. "We don't seem to have any pulse. We aren't dead, are we?"

I frowned as hard as I could. If there's anything I detest it's the habit nurses have of using the first person plural pronoun. Never, ever do they say: "How are you feeling?" No, it's always "How are we feeling?"

Usually, of course, when the nurse is on the staff of SADISTO, as this nurse was—I knew by the starched white cap with the crimson SADISTO emblem which was her only article of clothing—usually there is some justification for using the plural pronoun.

Like usually, normally, I'd be feeling her up as she felt me up; hence the feeling would be mutual. But this time...?

I tried to groan. No use. I was too weak.

"How's poor 0008 doing?" I heard a gruff voice say. The General. My boss. Boss of all SADISTO, in fact. "Looks like he's trying to say something. What are you trying to say, Trevor?" he demanded, leaning

over me and shaking me. "Spit it out, man! I don't have all day to waste, standing around waiting for my dying triple-zero agents to phrase their last words poetically."

The nurse nudged him sharply.

"Uh, not that you don't have an, uh, sporting chance of not dying, of course," the General said quickly. "Why, our medical maidens tell me you have a fine chance of pulling through. Fifty-fifty, I think they said."

He glanced questioningly at my nurse.

"Sixty-forty? One inten? A hundred? Well, he could recover, couldn't he? All right, at ten thousand to one I'll cover your bet. But as I was saying, 0008. There's nothing wrong with you, save the worst case of jungle fever I've ever seen. Cheer up! We'll pull you through! Or, if we don't, we'll give you a splendid Viking funeral..."

"I came as soon as I heard the news," I heard a familiar female voice say. Marghanita from Research and Computer Control. She bent over me, her marvelous young breasts swaying like sun-ripened fruit, her long, lustrous black hair cascading over my chest.

"What a pity I got here too late," she sighed. "There he lies—eyes glassy and bloodshot, jaw slack, skin yellow. Looking as if alive..."

"He is alive you idiot!" snarled the General. "He's either lingering or malingering, I'm not sure which. Jungle fever, you know. The worst kind."

"Oh the poor boy!" gasped Marghanita. "And he crawled back to headquarters to die, just like a sick elephant..."

I groaned again, silently, and closed my eyes.

"In my opinion, General," I heard Hippocratia, SADISTO's shapely if scatterbrained boss of Medical Salvage, mutter, "in my opinion 0008 has lost the will to live!"

"What?" I heard the General gasp. "Why he's still on salary! This is mutiny!" I felt him grab me and shake me. "You're going to recover pronto, 0008! And that's a direct order! We need you, dear boy. Also I have money bet on you."

"Don't shake him and cuff him," I heard Marghanita plead. "He needs tender loving care. Here, Trevor darling, let Marghanita make you comfy. I'll just adjust this lever to tilt your bed up a little and—ooops!"

THUNK!

Something hard hit me. The floor, no doubt. And and instant later—

THUD!

Something soft fell on top of me. The nurse, it felt like.

"Here, here, Marghanita," I heard the General snap. "This is no time to rantipole around playing practical jokes!"

"I didn't mean to dump him on the floor," I heard Marghanita explain. "How could I be expected to guess the bed tilted sideways instead of up and down?"

"It's a new model," I heard Hippocratia explain. "One they obviously haven't gotten the bugs out of yet. I suppose—nurse! What are you doing lying on top of the patient?"

"Don't blame me!" the nurse complained. "I was taking his pulse. When he started to slide away from me I instinctively clutched his wrist—with the result that I was pulled right over the bed, and down on top of the patient. Help me up, will you? Thank you. Why, I might have suffered serious injury and—my leg! One of my shapely legs is shorter than the other now!"

"Only," growled the General, "because you have one foot on 0008's stomach. Let's pick the poor dying lad up and put him back on the bed. Altogether now, one, two, three!"

Thud! I was back on the bed. And then—
THUNK!

Back on the floor again.

"Well, the joke's on all of us this time," I heard the General chuckle. "We forgot to de-tilt the bed before we tossed him back on it. Let's try again."

And they did. And this time I managed to stay on the bed. Groaning. Inwardly.

"How," I heard Marghanita ask idly, "did 0008 come to catch this deadly jungle fever and then lose the will to live? Was he on an especially dangerous mission?"

"Evidently," I heard the General concede. "Though it seemed like a very routine, ordinary mission when I assigned him to it. Just a week ago it was..."

A week ago, I reflected gloomily to myself. Had it only been a week ago?

Yes.

Don't think about it, 0008, I told myself. You'll go mad if you think about it...

But, despite my best efforts not to, despite the ringing in my ears and the steady drip of my will to live oozing out of me, I did think of it—

And shuddered at the thought...

"Ah, 0008," the General had said (a week ago), "good to see you back. I—why are you shaking, man? Not getting a case of nerves, I hope? There's no room in SADISTO for agents who turn chicken..."

"I'm not shaking, General," I'd assured him. "Just shivering. It was like cold in that city beneath the Greenland icecap. True, I had a torrid time in the arms of the Ice Maiden, but my other extremities were almost frozen off."

"Fine," said the General. "Then this new assignment should make you turn hand-springs with joy. It's off to the tropics for you, you lucky if most likely

doomed lad! Warm sun, wanton women, pestilence, plague—the whole romantic tropical scene. You leave in ten minutes for Malaysia. Where I'm sure you'll find things hot, in more ways than one."

"But General," I protested. "I understood you wanted me to take the last train to Clarksville..."

"Just so, my boy. There's more than one Clarksville in the world, however, and the one I have in mind is a fever-ridden jungle logging camp of that name in Sarawak. Sarawak, as you know, of course, is part of the Federation of Malaysia."

"Oh," I said.

"Right smack on the equator. Ought to warm those frigid limbs of yours in no time. A truly enviable assignment!"

"What," I asked suspiciously, "do I do there when I get there?"

"Well, when you get there—or perhaps I should say if you get there—I want you to find and destroy a KRUNCH Field Station."

"KRUNCH again, eh?" I mused. "That world-wide criminal syndicate dedicated to evil and big profits keeps busy, busy, busy all the time, don't they?"

"Indeed they do. But then they try harder, since they're only number two. World-wide, criminal-syndicate wise, that is. They're really pushing to overtake THRUSH though. Not since Ford and Chevrolet began slugging it out toe-to-toe have two such huge organizations competed so fiercely."

"And what," I queried, "are they up to in Sarawak?"

"I'm glad you asked, 0008. Shows you're taking an interest in your job. Up to? Yes. Ever heard of a plant called *Rafflesia*?"

"No—wait! Yes! Isn't that the largest flower in the world—the size of a washtub? An ugly, dank, thick, squelchy, ominous parasitical plant?"

"That's the blossom. Malaysia is lousy with big plants—among the biggest and most lethal being those of the genus *Nepenthes*. Insect eaters, you know. As carnivorous as they come. Not above gobbling a mouse or shrew now and then. As yet, however, they aren't big enough or vicious enough to swallow a man."

"Good deal," I said. "Then...as yet?"

"Right. The word is that KRUNCH has been working to increase their size. Ten or a hundred fold. Picture it, 0008. Pitcher plants big enough to trap an elephant, Venus fly-traps with jaws the size of bear-traps..."

"Ugly," I conceded, "very ugly..."

"Quite. And KRUNCH wouldn't hesitate to black-mail all the nations of the world: Pay Tribute—or we sow giant carnivorous plant seeds all over, would be their ultimatum. And it would be real nasty if they did, 0008. Farming would become a horribly hazardous occupation...nature walking would be more dangerous than playing Russian roulette..."

"Bestial," I averred. "And KRUNCH has succeeded in raising improved if depraved species of carnivorous plants?"

"Not," anti-climaxed the General, "as yet—but they are working on it. Your job is to stop the project now, before they achieve a botanical breakthrough."

"You can depend upon me, *mon Generale*," I said.

"Stout fellow," said the General. "Come to think of it you are getting a bit stout, 0008. Not getting enough exercise, eh?"

"I am—really I am!" I protested.

"Hmmm..." frowned the General, glancing at his watch. "If you take a super-super-sonic jet and I arrange for midair refueling—yes! No need to leave in ten minutes, 0008. You can leave in an hour and ten minutes instead."

"Oh happy day!" I gasped, already planning how I would spend my hour's leave: choosing the menu for my leisurely meal, deciding on the perfect wine, mentally wrestling with the problem of choosing among blondes, redheads and brunettes for desert...

"That will give you the better part of an hour for some strenuous physical exercise," finished the General. "Report at once to Calisthenia in our Physical Education Department. That is all."

All? I groaned inwardly. It was too much...

But, because the General signs my paychecks (and I was currently bucking for a raise) I didn't argue with him. I merely saluted morosely and began trudging toward SADISTO's Physical Education Department.

Little dreaming that—

But read for your shocked self...

CHAPTER/2

"HO THERE, TUBBY!" GREETED CALISTHENIA AS I stepped into her huge work-out room.

I frowned. There's a lot to like about Calisthenia. Like she's built the way a busty blonde should be built—slim-waisted, wide-hipped, long-legged, trim but cuddlesome buttocks—the whole sexually exciting bit.

And she can be a lot of fun when you pin her down on a wrestling mat—a real she-tiger, erotically speaking. Frisky as a colt, passionate as a panther, supple as a python, eager as—and much more lively than—a doe rabbit.

But she is, to be frank, a bit too healthy—and exuberant and hearty—for my taste.

It's a fault almost all physical training instructors have, to my way of thinking.

Like they never walk or stroll—they always trot and bound and leap. Exuding health and vigor to an obnoxious extent.

Like those girls on television, you know the ones I mean...

Meanwhile Calisthenia was bounding (not strolling, undulating or slithering) toward me. There is, I must admit, a certain amount of pleasure to be gained watching Cal (as she's called for short) bound.

On the job she wears only sneakers and a hair ribbon, and the gleaming perfection of her sun (lamp) tanned body is blissfully evident. Especially when she bounds. Firm muscled though she is, she's first of all a female.

And all females, young, luscious females, have

THE SIN FUNNEL

13

curves. Ripe, resilient, quivering, shivering curves.

Curves which bounce and jiggle, shudder and shake when said luscious young females bound...

The sight of Cal's full, firm, high-set, proud, perfect young tits leaping and swaying as she bounced and bounded almost sent me into convulsions. As did the way her ripe thigh flesh shook, the manner in which her buoyant young buttocks rolled...

"Aha!" she vigorously voiced, landing in front of me with a final leap. "Getting a bit flabby, I see! Let's see what we have to work with here!"

And so saying she gave my undershorts (my sole garment) a healthy tug, thereby ripping them completely off me.

Note: readers not familiar with the friendly customs at SADISTO's huge headquarters, which extends fifteen stories beneath the rolling hills of Maryland just outside Washington, D. C., may wonder why I was wearing only a pair of undershorts.

The answer is, simply, that all triple-zero SADISTO agents—as well as the SADISTO staff—are a casual, amoral lot. Which is fine. The General wouldn't hire a formal, moral person, in fact.

It was only a couple of years ago that a Government-authorized study criticized the C.I.A. for insisting upon high moral standards when hiring secret agents. Secret agents, the professor who wrote the report noted, should be sexually promiscuous, cheerfully amoral, etc. etc.

SADISTO has known that for years. Knew it intuitively long before independent research organizations confirmed the correctness of its policy.

Which policy is, obviously, only common sense. It's all right (though not essential) to insist that all astronauts be ex-boy scout types. And I can see the

merit of not hiring diplomats who are foul-mouthed alcoholics and/or members of active sex clubs.

But secret agents?

A very different story.

How, for example, could a lady-like virginal young girl successfully infiltrate, say, an Albanian orgy? Not convincingly. To infiltrate and participate in an Albanian—or even a Rumanian—orgy, a breath-takingly beautiful young female secret agent needs to know her way around the orgy scene. Backwards and forwards, so to speak.

Which is why SADISTO maintains the largest and finest Orgy Instruction and Practice Department in the Free World; why sexual skill is rated as high, if not higher, than marksmanship at SADISTO; why signs of sexual prudishness are grounds for instant dismissal.

Not long ago the F.B.I. fired an agent because they learned he'd spent the night in the same apartment as an unmarried girl (what they would have done if the girl had been married is a subject for endless if sterile speculation).

SADISTO, on the other hand, recently had one of its male triple-zero agents flogged because he'd been discovered in bed alone without a single luscious female companion beneath the sheets with him.

The General has the same wise attitude about drinking—Satan help the agent who begins to teetotal to excess. If an agent lays off the heavy drinking for a few days—how can he expect to compete with the Russians in vodka gulping? Or with Irish subversives in Guinness stout guzzling? Or Basque criminals in wine quaffing?

I insert this brief explanatory note to, I hope, stem the flood of horrified protests I have been getting in my mail since I began jotting down my routine adventures as a SADISTO agent.

Those little old ladies in Des Moines should be thankful that the U. S. Government—as rather casually represented by SADISTO—has a bunch of lusty, hard-drinking, mean, bestial, cruel, sadistic, treacherous, sneaky types on the payroll.

For we triple-zero SADISTO agents are only lusty, hard-drinking, mean, bestial, cruel, sadistic, treacherous and sneaky for the sake of the Free World, as we know it.

But I digress.

As I was saying, male SADISTO agents usually wear undershorts or a towel when at headquarters, and female SADISTO agents wear shoes and a smile—because we like to be ready for friendly fun flings.

Also the General, who's really cold-blooded, keeps the thermostat too high.

"Hmmm," said Cal, running her eyes (and both hands) down my front from waist to knee-caps. "You're getting a bit of a spare tire, 0008. Well, some strenuous physical exercise will help that."

"Strenuous me, baby..." I leered, sliding my own hands up her fun-sloped front, cupping and caressing the swaying sex spheres of her crimson-tipped breasts.

"Oh no," snapped Cal, "you don't! Independent metabolic tests have shown that physical sex is not as weight-reducing as previously thought."

"Physical sex?" I furrowbrowed. "What other kind of sex is there?"

"On the other hand," purred Cal, "I don't mind if you pleasure one or two or more of my luscious young female assistants—if you can catch them, that is..."

"Lead me to them," I drooled.

And she did. "0008, this is Indirina," she said, introducing me to a luscious, brown-skinned Hindu teen-age temptress. "Indirina is our rope-climbing

expert."

"I can also undulate like a cobra," chimed in Indirina. "Provided I meet a man with a flute I like..."

"Silence, torrid tropic temptress!" snapped Cal. "Be good enough to climb yon rope," she ordered, pointing to a long, knotted rope which hung from the roof of the gym.

"I'd rather climb the tall tree of 0008's virile body," sighed Indirina, "there to Ananga Ranga to my lusty little heart's content. However, orders are, I suppose, orders..."

And so saying she trotted, with an impudent and wholly intentional roll to her luscious ass, over to the knotted rope, began to climb same with astonishing agility.

"On your mark, get set—climb!" shouted Cal.

And I sprinted for the rope, began to climb in eager pursuit.

"If I catch her," I gasped as I climbed, "do I get to boff her?"

"All you want," Cal assured me.

I leered. Inwardly. It shouldn't take a highly trained athlete such as myself long to overtake the happy-haunched Hindu hussy... Even if she got to the top of the rope before I did, where could she go?

My hormones singing a happy song to themselves, I went up the rope hand over hand.

And hand over hand. Over hand. Over hand...

Confound the cuddlesome cutie! Drat the desirable damsell! A pox on the pulchritudinous pretty! Obviously she'd been practicing rope-climbing for years. She could really wriggle up a rope fast. Too fast...

And—oh the outrage of it!—the rope began to descend. Evidently Cal had a big drum of rope fastened to the roof. The faster Indirina climbed ahead of me, and I climbed in lusty pursuit of her ripe rump, her

swaying thighs—the blasted rope descended.

And so it went, for long minute after minute...

Did I catch her? Alas, no. I came very close a couple of times, but each time she eluded me with a giggle and a vertical sprint up the rope.

After five minutes of frantic rope-climbing, Cal blew a whistle and, grumbling, I climbed down.

"That wasn't a fair chase," I complained. "That sultry sexpot is a rope-climbing expert. Also, she's lighter than I am. Weight has a lot to do with the speed you can make climbing a rope. Like a little monkey can climb faster than a big gorilla, to give an ex—OW!"

"Indirina!" scolded Cal. "Just because 0008 compared you to a little monkey is no reason to drop thirty feet onto his head. You might have caused him brain damage. And his brain, such as it is, is government property."

"Bah!" said Indirina, sauntering away.

"Bah!" I said, climbing to my feet. "Uh—what next?"

"A footrace," said Cal brightly. She clapped her hands. A lean, lithe, lovely lass with long legs strolled up to us. "0008, meet Cheetah. Cheetah, be good enough to lead 0008 to the endless treadmill."

Frowning, I let myself be led to a fifty-foot-long treadmill. Cheetah; after a shockingly suggestive wink over her shoulder, sank into a sprinter's crouch forty feet ahead of me. I dropped into a crouch myself.

"For your sake, 0008," chuckled Cal, "I hope you catch her. They say Cheetah is a real wild-cat in bed—once she wraps those long limber legs around a man, pow!"

"And all I have to do is catch her, eh?" I liplicked.

"Right," said Cal, raising a starter's pistol.

I crouched, waiting tensely. Forty feet ahead of me I saw the superbly sleek posterior of Cheetah jutting toward me as—suddenly and without warning

THE SIN FUNNEL

she began to sprint as the treadmill began to move at top speed!

Off to a late start I ran furiously along the treadmill and after the loping lithsome lass ahead of me. And as I ran I raged: "How come you didn't fire your starting pistol, Cal?"

"I did," she purred. "But since it's SADISTO issue, it has a silencer fitted to it."

I shook my head. Inwardly. And raced in pursuit of the fleeing female in front of me.

This, I inwardly drooled, is one race I'm going to win... Even if this chick Cheetah is a red-hot runner, and even if I am a bit out of training, any athletic man can catch a girl in a foot race.

My eyes gleaming avidly, I began picking them up and putting them down with incredible speed and precision. Having many times bettered the world hundred-yard dash record while pursuing enemy agents, I knew Cheetah didn't have a prayer of out-running me.

And I was right. I was steadily gaining on her. Only thirty-five feet separated my reaching hands and her bouncing buttocks now. Then thirty... Twenty... Fifteen... Ten...

And then—

SNAP!

A hurdle sprang up in front of me. With a mighty leap I vaulted it just in time as—

SNAP!

"This isn't fair!" I fumed. "She only has to run—I have to run and vault hurdles too!"

"A fair handicap," murmured Cal, as the treadmill whizzed, Cheetah sprinted and I alternately ran and vaulted, "seeing as how men are naturally faster runners than girls..."

"If they couldn't," I panted, "the human race would have died out years ago..."

"Slowpoke!" jeered Cheetah, taunting me over her

THE SIN FUNNEL

lovely shoulder.

Enraged beyond belief—and feeling as amorous as I'd ever felt—I clenched my virile white teeth and put my all into running and hurdling. And I gained! As fast as Cal could make the hurdles pop up I cleared them and then, with a final triumphant drive I tackled Cheetah's luscious rump, got my hands around her delightfully rounded curves and together we rolled end over end as—Cal's whistle blew!

"Nice try, 0008," she said. "But my whistle sounded while you were still in midair, and a micro-second before you caught your rabbit, you overweight grayhound you..."

"Oh Cal!" sighed Cheetah, who was already happily wrapping her long legs around me, "couldn't I award 0008 a consolation prize of some kind?"

"In one brutal word—no!" said Cal. "Come, 0008—the pursuit and exercise has scarcely started!"

So, cursing, I released my grip on Cheetah, and she on me, and followed Cal to the next pursuit.

I won't dwell on it. Suffice to say that I pursued a bright-eyed and bushy-tailed babe around a huge squirrel wheel—and failed to cache her, if I may be pardoned the pun.

(Get it? Squirrel cache things and—oh, forget it...)

After that I swam ten lengths of one of Cal's huge (hundred-yards long) swimming pools in pursuit of nude girl swimmer after nude girl swimmer—and didn't catch one.

The final, bitterest defeat was in the final "exercise."

A fabulously constructed teen-age temptress and I wrestled in a ring. All I had to do to win was pin her down. While observing the one rule—I couldn't grab her by her long lovely hair.

Once I had her pinned I could pleasure her as much

as I wanted--and I sure wanted.

An easy task?

So I thought.

Until Cal poured oil all over the charming and chesty child...

Have you ever wrestled with a greased--I mean an oiled girl?

I can tell you the experience is both fascinating and frustrating. Fascinating because no man, let alone a hundred per cent virile brute such as myself, can fail to find it thrilling to wrestle in intimate contact with a ripe-breasted, narrow-waisted, wide-hipped, plump-buttocked, soft-thighed, tender-tummied teen-age desire doll.

Frustrating because she kept slipping and slithering through my grasp.

And the more she slipped and slithered through my hands (and over my flesh and against my body, all parts of my body) the more excited I got--hence the more frustrated.

Time after time I would clutch her saucy buttocks or breasts--only to have them slip from my fingers like a wet cake of erotic soap.

Oh the exciting feel of her slippery thighs sliding through my slippery fingers...the joy of our liquid sliding contacts...the ecstasy of our oil-slickened striving...

And oh the despair as time after time I had her hot (if slippery) young naked body pinned beneath me--only to have her wriggle free before I could, as it were, stake my claim by planting my flagpole...

Finally though, I had her pinned! Helplessly!

Here's how I managed it, in case any of my male readers should find themselves wrestling--for the same tempting stakes--with a well lubricated sexy nude girl:

First I deftly tripped her, and as she fell on her back I flung myself forward, sliding excitingly along the slippery surface of her body as, with lightning speed, I slipped my hands and arms under her armpits and deftly got a reverse hammer-lock on her lovely throat--as my legs burrowed between her startled thighs, thrusting them apart until I even more deftly slid my feet under her legs and brought them up.

And she was pinned!

Helpless!

Unable to wriggle free, powerless to prevent me from leering at her, and then arching myself back preparatory to plunging my rod deep into the tempting target of her hot young cuntlet.

"Here it--I mean I come!" I cackled as--Cal blew her whistle.

In midlunge, by super-human effort, I froze. Weeping inwardly...

"Poor show, 0008," said Cal, as I sadly unlocked myself from the slippery sexpot (who was also gnashing her sexy white teeth). "Let's shower you down and weigh you in."

And, sullenly, I allowed myself to be soaped and washed free of oil, weighed.

"Well done!" gasped Cal. "You lost five pounds in fifty minutes!"

"Big deal," I grunted. "I suppose--fifty minutes? But I'm supposed to be here for an hour. What do I do during the remaining ten minutes?"

"Since you've worked out so hard," sexythroated Cal, "I see no reason why you shouldn't spend the final ten minutes being chased--by me!"

"Chase me!" I gasped. "Chase me all the way!"

And she did.

"But first," crooned Cal, "you need a little massage to sooth your tired little muscles. Lie down on this

comfy couch, 0008. Tummy down, first."

And, because my little—I mean highly developed if aching muscles were tired, I did as she suggested.

A moment later I felt her kneel astride me, felt her hands begin to massage and knead my buttocks, my thighs.

Ahl...

I'm not normally a massage buff, but I must admit that there's something very soothing yet stimulating about having a gorgeous girl knead and work and pat and pummel one's tired flesh.

And Cal did just that. Her strong but shapely fingers dug deep into my muscles, massaging me from shoulder-blades to backside, from backside to my toes.

Then she rolled me over and began to work on my front side. After first asking me which part of me needed massaging most. Which I told her.

"But how could that part of you ache?" she demanded. "You didn't use it at all in any of the heh, heh, exercises I had you do."

"With men," I told her, "sometimes not using a muscle can be more painful than you'd believe."

"Sort of like getting a cramp from sitting on your leg, eh?" inquired Cal, massaging me with her slim, warm fingers.

"No, but never mind," I said. "Just keep doing what you're doing. You wouldn't believe how tense I feel there. My muscles are really stiff..."

"So my trained fingers tell me," murmured Cal, alternately tapping and gently squeezing me, shaking and stroking me. "Let's see if this helps... I call it a 'bounce-massage'."

And with that she wriggled astride of me, wriggled until she was in just the right position, her lovely loins directly above me. Then, slowly, she lowered herself, lowered herself until I felt the first tingling

touch of her body, then the sliding, encircling, enfolding grip of her tunnel of love—until, long blissful seconds later, her rounded buttocks thudded gently but suggestively against my lower body and upper thighs.

"Bounce!" I urged her.

And she began to bounce.

Slowly at first, so that the cushiony softness of buttocks just kissed my body each time she bounced down, and the fabulous clasp of her tropic zone stroked me gently but excitingly...

Then, gradually, she speeded the tempo of her movements, until her buttocks were thudding thrillingly against me, until the liquid circumambience of her sin cylinder began to pump ecstasy into us both with ever mounting intensity, ever growing urgency.

And then she stopped. Stopped bouncing, that is, and began to sway her body back and forth, sway so that her buttocks grazed my flesh, so that my erection inside of her began to move around—excitingly, wonderfully...

Then she began to move her loins back and forth as well as from side to side, then around and around in ever greater, ever more forceful and thrilling spirals.

And then, still spiraling, still stirring herself by making me stir her, she began to bounce at the same time.

Rapture...

Hot flaming rapture...

Now if only she'd—

And then she did; she began pulsing and throbbing her internal muscles, squeezing me intimately, suggestively, urgingly, coaxingly...

While she bounced,

Lust fire!

I groaned with delight, reached up to lightly cup and capture the gently bobbing bliss balloons of her breasts, feeling them sway and wriggle within my grasp, as if flirtatiously trying to escape the gentle cage of my fingers.

I clasped them—while Cal bounced, and her breasts bounced with her, and they squirmed and writhed and jiggled and quivered and shook against my palms, my fingers—while her rich red nipples throbbed into excited erection.

And she continued to bounce...

I slid my hands down to stroke the soft delight of her dimpled stomach, to caress the wanton width of her heavenly hips, stroke the sleek cylinders of her pleasure-packed thighs.

As she kept on bouncing...

Almost delirious with delight, I clutched her supple flesh, twisted and writhed (as much as I could) beneath the driving, demonic, thrilling, thudding, churning, squeezing, pulsing, gripping, provoking movements of her body.

Her loins were gyrating and jerking like a stripper winding up her act fast before the vice squad reached her—bouncing so fast she had to grip me to keep from bouncing herself right off me. Squeezing me, pleasing me, teasing me until—

Shatteringly, stunningly, searingly, scorchingly we detonated... Spasm after spasm of white-hot sex-fire arced between us, fusing us, welding us, linking us in a soaring, jetting, fountaining bond of bliss.

I found myself spinning blindly in a wonderful world of light and color and sensation—another dimension, a better universe.

I seemed to glow all over like a neon sign, burn like a beacon, blaze like a comet...

And then, for long seconds, I rested.

After which I had to dash on my way to shower, dress, arm myself, pack my suitcase and catch a helicopter to the airport where a SADISTO jet was waiting to whisk me to—

Who could tell what nightmarish if sexy adventures in the jungles of Sarawak?

CHAPTER/3

"SO THIS IS SARAWAK?" I MUDED TO MYSELF AS the tiny train I was a passenger on rattled and wheezed through the jungle. "Or rather," I corrected myself, "how Sarawak has changed since I was last here..."

For it occurred to me that I'd been in Sarawak before. Only briefly, however, while pursuing a pirate lugger up to the dock of an off-shore oil rig. Obviously there was more to Sarawak than off-shore oil rigs.

Like enormous jungles.

And tiny trains.

A real museum piece, the train I was riding on: narrow gauge, flimsy wooden carriages pulled at a snail's pace behind a tiny puffing and wheezing engine that must have been almost a hundred years old—little more than an animated toy that huffed and puffed huge clouds of white steam and black smoke from its bulbous, towering smoke-stack.

The train had clattered over the uneven rails all the way from the coastal town of CENSORED, through flatlands and marshlands and then, suddenly, into and through some of the thickest, densest jungle I'd ever seen.

Not since my last visit to Disneyland had I felt so close to jungle scenes. Jungle tree branches brushed the open windows of my carriage—the only first class carriage in the four car train—pheasants fluttered scoldingly away, butterflies flitted in one window and out the other, and once a tigress and two cubs stalked annoyedly past us as we labored up a slight incline.

THE SIN FUNNEL

27

It would have been faster to walk, I reflected. Though perhaps not as safe, I decided, as a cobra rose to its full height to peer at me as the train and I rattled past.

"Tickets, please!" said the conductor.

And what a conductor!

A saffron-skinned Malay maid about six feet tall, with proud, pagan breasts, midnight black (long, very long) hair, provocatively feminine hips and magnificent legs.

Above the waist she wore nothing but her conductor's cap, perched fetchingly on her lovely head. Below the waist she wore only a bright red, green and yellow mini-skirt. And patent plastic booties, also red, green and yellow.

"Red, green and yellow," I mused. "Are those the national colors of Sarawak, jungle jill?"

"Not," purred the capitially curved conductor, "so. They're the colors of the Great Clarksville Railroad. The green stands for the jungle, the red for the blood that usually flows sooner or later from the torn and lacerated flesh of our passengers, and the yellow for the jaundice they invariably come down with. Or so the public relations department of the Great Clarksville Railroad claims."

"Some public relations department," I frowned. "Sometimes truth in advertising is a big mistake. Uh, is that the Sarawakian native costume you're wearing? It becomes you, saffron-fleshed sex-bundle."

"Aren't you the flattering stranger, stranger?" murmured the conductor. "But to answer your question, no, stupid. This is my uniform. Formerly we female employees of the Great Clarksville Railroad wore *plongs*—a distinctive if shockingly revealing local version of what you'd call a sarong. But we've been trying to up-date our image. Topless tamales in

mini-skirts are in now, our dog-eared copy of last year's Vogue stated. Hence the New Look in costumes for the, sob, employees of the, sob, sob, Great Clarksville Railroad."

"Dry your tears, you poor depressed damsel," I urged. "Come sit on my lap and tell me all about it."

"Fraternization is frowned upon by the Great (sob) Clarksville Railroad," the sobbing girl informed me. "Though on this, choke, day of all days, I don't suppose it matters," she added, sitting on my lap and drying her eyes on my shirt lapels.

"There, there," I consoled her, patting her on the shoulder and then other places. "It can't be all that bad, can it?"

"Worse," she sobbed. "Uh, are you from the National Geographic Society?"

"No," I frowned. "What makes you think that?"

"Nothing, I suppose. Only we were hoping and hoping they'd send a writer. Or even a photographer. To cover the, sob, last trip of the, choke, last train to Clarksville..."

"This railroad is folding?" I frowned.

"Folding? It's like folded. Once we pull into the platform—if we get there, that is—this train is like through. Also the Great Clarksville Railroad, seeing as how this was and is our only train."

"Lamentable," I told her. "Still, you must take consolation in the fact that railroads all over the world are having a tough time. Even the Long Island Railroad is—last trip? But how do I get back, when and if I want to get back? I paid for a round-trip ticket, too."

"I'm sure your money will be cheerfully refunded," sniffed the conductor, nuzzling her tear-smeared cheek against mine.

"Anyway, it's only a seventy mile hike along the

tiger-infested, snake-strewn, rogue elephant-menaced tracks. If they don't get washed out by the next monsoon, that is. Which should be here in a matter of hours."

"Hmmm," I noted. "Uh, tell me more about this Clarksville that we're approaching. It's a logging town, eh?"

"Once it was," agreed the conductor, snuggling closer to me. "It was founded by a valliant explorer and merchant adventurer, Sam Clark. Of English extraction. Sarawak, you know, was ruled for ages and ages by an English dynasty—the White Rajahs of Sarawak. It wasn't until after the Second World War the Great Britain formally took possession. Up until that time Sarawak had been an independent nation, under British protection, but ruled by descendents of the first White Rajah."

"Fascinating," I muttered, idly stroking her delicious thighs and her delectable breasts.

"Fact," she assured me. "The British decided the whole bit was undemocratic, and grabbed the country so they could make it independent. Now we Sarawakians are part of the Federation of Malayasia—free, independent and, choke, sob, unhappy. At least this Malay maid is heart-sick..."

"On account of the closing of the Great Clarksville Railroad, eh?" I surmised.

"Not only that—Clarksville itself is folding up. Once it was a booming logging town. Elephants a-pilin' teak in squidgy, squishy creeks—the whole Kiplingesque bit. Only it didn't pay, economically. Like after they got all the teak cut and piled up in neat stacks they realized there were no roads to the coast. So they built the Great Clarksville Railroad. What a ghastly chore that was... You've heard of the man-eaters of Tsavo?"

I nodded. "The savage, man-eating lions the English railroad builders had to fight while building the railroad to Nairobi at the turn of the century... You people had man-eating tigers, I presume?"

"No—something more menacing: man-eating, as it were, native girls. You see the local primitive villages around here have for centuries been famed for the beauty and sexual avariciousness of their women-folk. And girl-folk."

"Anthropologically intriguing," I noted, letting my fingers stray up the contoured curves of her luscious, saffron-skinned body, around her saffron-skinned thighs, up her saffron-skinned thighs—to dabble with her saffron-skinned honey-jar...

"However, some years ago, the local primitive village menfolk went on a mystic kick. Like they started chomping hallucinogenic jungle mushrooms, smoking what we call klop—and you call pot. Vision-entranced and other-world oriented, they sat around grinning vacantly and thinking mystic thoughts while the passion-filled housewives and the lust-crazed teenage maidens became frustrated beyond belief."

"Understandable," I affirmed, "entirely understandable..."

"Driven berserk by unfulfilled desire, their sexual needs in urgent need of slaking, the thrill seeking jungle nymphettes and sexually frustrated matrons—some as old and ripe as thirty—poured down from the hills, ravishing every virile male they met."

"What a menace!" I gasped.

"Just so. And these sex-crazed jungle Jezebels over-ran the entire railroad camp. Goading gandy-dancers, ravishing and laying rail-layers, spooking spikers, seducing surveyors, demolishing detail-men, overwhelming overseers, sexing steel-men, blabbering bookkeepers, tempting timekeepers, ensnaring

engineers, firing up firemen, stoking stokers, carnally captivating coolie after coolie, bemusing boss after boss, titillating track-layers, wantoning wood-cutters, wiping out white-hunters, jumping jungle men, inflaming inspectors—the whole erotic bit."

"Historically fascinating," I postulated.

"Also wild," purred the passionate railway rampant. "At any rate, as you can imagine, it was a long time before the tracks got laid. Like the tracks were the last things that got laid."

"But they finally were laid?" I surmised, stroking her burnished buttocks and thumbing her thrilling thighs—with one hand—while the other explored the domed delight of her dual glee globes.

"Yes. But the fortunes of Clarksville continued to decline. Teak is weak in the lumber trade—especially for us since, to be honest, the local variety of teak is pretty lousy. Clarksville is just about a jungle ghost town now."

"Indeed," I noted. "Just who is there now?"

"Hardly anybody. Sam Clark II, of course. A few listless loggers cutting down trees out of habit. Some morose Malays. A few forlorn storekeepers. A plant-experiment laboratory. And—but see for yourself: Here we are."

And as the Malay maid slipped from my lap, without even stopping to validate my ticket or rezip my zipper, I saw that indeed we were pulling into Clarksville.

And what a dismal dump it was...

Little more than a huge clearing in the jungle, it boasted only about a dozen buildings made of split teak logs and thatched roofs. The kind of jungle settlement you see in B movies and cheap-budgeted TV adventure series.

I picked up my suitcase and stepped out onto the

platform—which was termite-ridden and rotten—and looked around.

A sleazy-looking blonde in a tight, very tight, short, very short dress sauntered up to me, swinging her hips and handbag. As the saying goes, she had bedroom eyes and picture window cleavage.

"How do, tall, dark, saturninely handsome stranger," she crooned. "Care to see the sights with me? Or look over my own scenic wonders in the cozy intimacy of my bedroom? The cost is astonishingly reasonable and I extend credit. Pay as you play on the installment plan is my motto, and—"

"Sadie! Back to the red-light district you shameless wench!" commanded a commanding female voice.

I turned—to see a girl.

And what a girl!

A tall, stunningly constructed redhead, she was wearing revealing white mini-shorts, a low cut white mini-shirt, and a white cork helmet.

"Welcome stranger," she said. "I hope you enjoyed your ride on the, sob, last train to Clarksville. Clark's my name—Samantha Clark. And empire building used to be my game."

"You're the daughter of the founder of this sordid town?" I inquired politely.

"Yes," she averred. "Mother carved this town from the jungle practically with her own little hands. I run it now, since she's gone to collect her reward."

"Sorry to hear that," I said.

"Why? The reward was for a thousand quid. She captured a desperate criminal who tried to hide out here. She ought to be back in a week or two, if she doesn't go on a binge. Your expression of sorrow would be better reserved for the decline if not demise of this once thriving jungle hamlet."

I nodded, looking around me. Things had sure gone

to pot. And evidently things hadn't been too good to begin with.

Fifty yards away I could see Sadie stalking into a tiny thatched house with a red light on the roof. Evidently she was the only pay for play girl in town. Nearby was a seedy general store with a BIG CLOSING SALE! sign in the window. A frowsy boarding house, a decayed warehouse, a run-down saw-mill and a scattering of boarded up bungalows of the worst sort made up the rest of the town.

"Most likely a cold drink is foremost in your thoughts right now," said Sam Clark. "As President pro-tem of the Clarksville Chamber of Commerce I can recommend yon saloon."

"Fine," I said, following her as she led the way to a rough-hewn bar where, after removing a sign which read THIS IS A RAIDED PREMISE, she ushered me through a swinging door.

I took a seat at a rickety table, glanced around. Save for a total lack of customers, it looked like a typical tropical dive.

"Excuse me a moment," said Samantha—for I had decided to think of her as Samantha rather than Sam—ducking behind the bar. A moment later her white cork helmet, white mini-shirt and white-mini shorts came sailing over the top of the bar. And another moment later Samantha emerged, wearing a fur bikini and two rather wilted fur ears.

"Good afternoon, sir," she said, sauntering toward my table. "I am Samantha, your jungle bunny. Here is your cold drink. And here's an extra cold drink—in case you should be joined by a female companion."

"Thank you," I said. "Would you care to join me?"

"Sorry, sir, but house rules forbid jungle bunnies to fraternize with customers. The featured stripper,

however, being an independent contractor, might be amenable to mixing with you. I'll be right back."

And off she trotted behind the bar again. From behind which her fur bikini and wilted fur ears were tossed. Seconds later she emerged wearing rhinestone pasties and a ruby G-string.

"Hi, there, big spender," she purred, sliding into a chair alongside of me and nudging me with her thigh. "I'm Samantha, the featured stripper."

"You keep busy around here," I noted.

"I'll say. We all have to work at several jobs here in Clarksville. On account of there're so few people left. It's not always this empty, of course. Last Saturday night things were really jumping—we had three customers, not counting Sadie who works weekends as our B-girl. I like a crowd. I feel kind of silly stripping and bumping and grinding when there's nobody here but me."

"Why do you do it then?" I asked.

"The show must go on. We advertise four shows a night, and four shows a night go on, customers or no customers."

"Cigars, cigarettes, betel nuts..." chanted the Malay maid I'd met on the train, sauntering by in a grass skirt with a cigarette tray at her waist.

"Thanks," I said, dropping in a few coins and selecting a betel nut which I began to chew thoughtfully. "Uh, I hear you have a plant-experiment lab here in town?"

"That's right. I detest plants myself, but—*de gustibus*... And at least the crazy scientists who built their experimental lab here pay their rent on time. Rather a clannish lot. They come and go in their own black helicopters, and discourage visitors."

I smiled to myself. So, the rumors were correct. I smiled harder at the way Samantha, poor provincial jungle girl that she was, had been hoodwinked. How

surprised she'd be to learn that the scientists who paid their rent on time were agents of KRUNCH!

"Actually I suspect they're agents of KRUNCH or some similar international criminal syndicate dedicated to evil," said Samantha. "But what the heck—we need all the paying guests we can get in this town. Uh, what brings you to our fair city?"

"Why—I'm just an, uh, tourist. Or better yet, I'm a writer. That's it—I'm a writer. Looking for, uh, plots."

"How interesting," said Samantha. "I've always thought I had the makings of a writer. Would you consider a fifty-fifty split? I'll tell you stories and you write them down and sell them. I'd do it myself but I'm just too busy."

"That's an idea," I said. "We writers are always delighted to meet people who want to sell us plots. What's selling well right now are stories of adult sexual adventure with an exotic but contemporary setting."

"Really?" gasped Samantha. "Well, I had a torrid affair two months ago with a lost Peace Corps worker. Boy was he lost—he was supposed to be in Zanzibar. I could relate the thrill-packed incidents to you, and you could write them down and sell the whole torrid story as a novel."

I shook my head. "Sorry, no. I said contemporary. Anything that happened two months ago is old hat. The world has changed a lot in two months. Readers aren't interested in ancient history. Haven't you had any recent affairs?"

Samantha studied me thoughtfully. "I have—an idea for a novel. How salable would be a story about a tall, redheaded lady mayor of a jungle town—who has a wild affair with a visiting writer who arrived on the last train to said town?"

THE SIN FUNNEL

"Sounds like a dynamic idea," I told her. "Have you made a lot of notes concerning this torrid tale?"

"I'm about to," murmured Samantha. "Come, if you care, to my bungalow..."

And, because I cared enough to try the very best, I did...

Hours later, sexually sated and thoroughly pooped, I stretched on Samantha's bed built for two and turned the conversation back to business.

"About this plant-experiment station—" I began.

"Yes, yes, just a moment," frowned Samantha, who was sitting up in bed scribbling furiously. "First I have to put down the way it was; not the way it was supposed to be, or superficially seemed to be—but the way it really was. Uh, how do you spell apogee?"

"One P and two E's," I said. "How are you using the word?"

"In the sense of the most far out point when one's in orbit—also, as the dictionary defines it, the highest point or climax of something."

"Oh," I said. "Uh, read me what you've jotted down so far."

"Right," said Samantha, turning back the pages of her notebook. "So far I have, and I quote: 'The lonely lovely redhead went home. The famous writer followed her. She let him. Inside the house of the lonely lovely redhead it was dark. She did not turn on the light. He did not turn on the light. They kissed in the dark. Then they screwed. On the bed. Conventionally. Then they screwed a different way. It was fun. Then the famous writer suggested yet another way they could screw together. The lonely lovely redhead agreed. It was a wild way of achieving apogee. Wow!' End of quote."

"Child," I said, "you have no need of my pro-

THE SIN FUNNEL

fessional services, writing-wise. Your style is every bit as good as the average best-selling sexy novel. Simple and direct. Your novel may not be chosen by the Book of the Month Club, but it's certain to streak up the best seller list and stay there for at least twenty weeks. After which it will no doubt be made into a big budget movie. And then into a Broadway musical."

(And, happy to relate, some months later Samantha's book, *Valley of the Many Splendored World of the Lonely, Lovely Redhead*, did indeed make the best seller list. The Broadway musical version, retitled *The Treehouse of the June Moon*, is being tried out in Hartford this week.)

But all that, then, was in the future. Then, in the present, I felt a renewed stirring of desire as Samantha's words kindled again my smoldering lust.

"Kiss me, you jungle fool!" I urged, rolling over on the bed and grabbing luscious handfuls of Samantha's flesh.

And she kissed me, kissed me and slid her arms around me to crush herself against me. I felt a throbbing pulse of desire throb within me as her soft breasts surged against my bare chest, as I felt the hard points of her nipples and her ballpoint pen jab into my flesh, as my hands stroked the sleek smoothness of her back and buttocks and notebook.

Her bare belly seemed to burn against my stomach, her loins thrust urgently against my epicentrum, and she slid one soft-fleshed thigh over my leg as our lips met and our tongues intermingled.

And I gripped her, rolled her on her back and had my way with her, and she with me; and wildly, wantonly we reached apogee in a blaze of incandescent asterisks.

"Now," I gasped, some while later, "about that plant-experiment station..."

"Your obsession with botany is almost pathological," frowned Samantha, stretching languorously in the moonlight that bathed the bed. "If you're that keen on poking about with plants, why don't you leave my bed and bliss and go take a look. It's a half-mile down the road."

"Thanks," I said. "I'll do just that."

And, as Samantha gasped and spluttered with rage and surprise, I hurriedly dressed and departed. Stopping only to select certain items from my suitcase.

Silently I tiptoed down the main street of Clarksville, making a detour around a sleeping elephant, my sneakers making no sound as I slogged through the moon-whitened dust. Not a light was showing anywhere in Clarksville, save for a red light in the window of Sadie's hut. Not just a light was in her window, either—reposing seductively in a chair was Sadie herself, dressed in filmy and revealing black underwear, just like the professional pussycats in Hamburg's red-light district.

Engrossed as she was in a copy of *The Parisian Review*, she failed to notice me stealthily slipping past.

Moments later I'd left the tiny town behind me and was walking a narrow path through the jungle. Wild things screeched and clicked and whirred and chuckled, and on all sides I could hear furtive rustlings as the jungle animals went about their brutal business.

After I'd traveled what I estimated to be a third of a mile, I slipped on infra-red sensitive goggles, began using an infra-red "black light" flashlight to sweep the trail ahead of me.

Wisely, too. For before I'd gone another fifty yards my invisible (to others) beam picked out a trip wire. I stepped over it. Kept on walking. Over another trip wire.

Bzzz! Bzzz! The metal detector unit in my all-

purpose flashlight sounded.

Just as I'd figured. Land mines.

Using my flashlight to feel out safe ground, I threaded my way through the mine field, stepped over yet another trip wire, vaulted nimbly over the black light beam of a photo-cell and found myself close by the walls of what appeared to be an old warehouse.

KEEP OUT! warned a huge sign, surmounted by a brace of gleaming human skulls.

I smiled. Inwardly. It took more than a sign and a threat to scare away—or keep out—a triple-zero SADISTO agent.

I prowled the perimeter until I found a window. I had more sense than to try and force it; undoubtedly it was hooked to a burglar alarm.

Instead I took out a felt-tipped pen (filled with hydrofluoric acid) and etched a wide circle, keeping the pen revolving until the glass was almost completely dissolved.

Then I deftly attached a rubber suction cup, tugged lightly and the circle of glass came free to—

CRASH!

—slip from the suction cup and shatter on the ground.

I froze.

Had anybody heard the noise? Evidently not. Just to be on the safe side, however, I trumpeted softly like an elephant.

If anybody inside had heard the noise they'd assume one of the unemployed logging elephants had been responsible. I hoped.

At any rate, horrible peril or no, I vaulted lightly through the circular hole I'd cut in the glass to land on a table stacked with—

CRASH! SMASH!

—glass jars.

Picking myself up as quickly but quietly as I could, I flashed my black light torch around. I was in a big room full of—carnivorous plants!

But it was all right, I saw with a wave of relief. They were all tiny plants—hardly big enough to swallow a cockroach, let alone a husky triple-zero SADISTO agent.

I bent and inspected some of the plants at close range.

Curious.

They were all dusty, in need of water, neglected. Some were even half-dead.

Most curious...

It wasn't like KRUNCH to be careless about their super secret scientific projects. Could it be that—I froze again.

Voices!

"But I tell you," said one of the voices, "I know I heard the sound of breaking glass. Coming from in here..."

Moving as fast and quietly as a cat I dashed for a nearby closet, inadvertently—

SMACK! THUD! CRUNCH! SMASH!

—knocking over a few things as I dashed.

Then I was safely inside the closet just as lights came on inside the room. Peering through the crack in the partially closed door I could see a brace of burly KRUNCH guards charge into the room, Staka submachine guns leveled. Behind them, holding a Colt .25 automatic in her dainty fist was a girl.

And what a girl!

A slim and slender thing—and small, not much over five feet—her figure was exquisitely feminine. Her flesh was copper-gold, her long hair copper-red, her huge eyes jade-green. She was wearing a kind of red bikini. A mini-bikini that failed to conceal the zest

crests of her buttocks, and hid only a token portion of her ripely rounded breasts.

"The room's empty!" snarled one of the brutal KRUNCH guards. "But someone or something's been here," he added, looking at the over-turned tables, chairs, cabinets, shelves and the litter of broken glass.

"A shrewd deduction," snarled the dainty damsel with copper-red hair. "Perhaps—look!"

The two KRUNCH guards whirled, guns leveled, to stare in the direction in which she was pointing.

I opened the door a fraction of an inch more and looked myself. To see—a huge gray serpent slithering through the open window! No—only the trunk of a curious elephant.

"I thought I heard an elephant trumpet," chuckled the girl with copper-red hair. "One of the unemployed logging elephants looking for food, obviously. Give him or her some sugar cubes, Heinrich."

"Ya, KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine," said the brutal KRUNCH guard, fishing some sugar cubes from his pocket and feeding some to the elephant whose trunk was reaching through the window I'd come through.

I smiled, inwardly. Clever of me to have trumpeted like an elephant—and so realistically I'd attracted an amorous female pachyderm.

Meanwhile KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine was frowning at the pots of tiny insect-eating plants which were resting on the many tables that filled the room.

"These plants are dusty," she complained. "Also in need of water. Dust them and water them first thing in the morning, Karl."

"Why bother?" growled the second brutal KRUNCH guard. "KRUNCH has officially abandoned its attempts to hybridize man-eating plants, nein?"

"Just so," agreed Kolonel Katherine. "But we want to keep at least a few plants on hand—just in case some

nosy U.N.C.L.E. or SADISTO agent comes prowling around. With, heh, heh, cans of weed killer in his or her pocket..."

I frowned thoughtfully as I checked the cans of weed killer in my pockets. There was more to this remote KRUNCH research station than met the eye, evidently...

"Yes," smiled Katherine, "there is more, much more to this remote KRUNCH research station than will meet the eye of any stray U.N.C.L.E. or SADISTO agent. In the unlikely event one got this far, he or she would content him or herself with destroying these worthless plants—and then tiptoeing away, little dreaming that the real purpose of this project is—the TF Machine!"

I gasped. That was just what would have happened, if I hadn't been shrewd enough to knock over some tables and chairs to attract attention so I could eavesdrop... I felt a chill go through me as I realized how close I'd come to missing the true, deadly purpose of this remote KRUNCH research station. A TF Machine! Once KRUNCH perfected a TF Machine it would mean...

I frowned. What would it mean? For that matter, what was a TF Machine?

"All right," said the girl with copper-red hair. "That's enough sugar cubes for one night. Shoo the elephant away, Heinrich. Then you and Karl can sweep up all this broken glass. You'll find brooms in that closet."

I felt myself going hot and cold. My hand streaked for my Walther PPK automatic, thumbed back the safety catch as the brutal KRUNCH guards moved toward the closet I was hiding in.

"Not that closet!" cried Katherine. "The other one—that closet is the one that we're fumigating for rats."

I went hot and cold again. Hotter and colder!

No wonder the closet smelled so bad—no wonder I was going hot and cold! I was being inadvertently poisoned!

As I began to hear a roaring in my ears and lights began flashing before my eyes, I realized I had a dread choice to make—stay in the closet and be fumigated to death or burst out with gun blazing.

No contest.

With superhuman effort I pushed open the door and raised my gun—too late!

I felt my limbs become leaden, saw the room start to whirl around me, felt myself falling, falling into a deep, in fact bottomless, pit of darkness and then—THUD!

I hit the floor and passed out.

And as I passed I heard, as if from miles away, one of the brutal KRUNCH guards snicker: "Well, we got one rat already..."

CHAPTER/4

I AWOKE TO FIND MYSELF NAKED AND TIED TO A chair. I shook my head, looked around. I was in a big basement type room. All around and about were computers, unfamiliar-looking electronic gadgets, test tubes and retorts bubbling, sparks sparking—the whole secret scientific laboratory bit.

Even including a mad scientist—KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine.

Hands on her proud hips, she stood before me and sneered at me, her pagan copper-gold curves emphasized rather than concealed by the red mini-bikini she wore.

"So, 0008," she sneered. "You goofed once too often, eh? Well, take your last look at sunshine and brook—I mean at computers and contraptions. Your doom is sealed, you partially fumigated fool!"

I nodded morosely. It sure looked like I was a loser this time. The wonder was, in fact, I hadn't been killed on the spot.

"You may wonder why I didn't have you killed on the spot," chuckled Katherine. "The answer is it amuses me to keep you alive for a while. Like this remote location is ideal for the super-secret work I've been conducting for KRUNCH. But it has certain drawbacks. No movies, no TV and precious few men."

I shuddered. Could she be planning on making me her sex toy?

"I plan to make you my sex toy—for a while," purred Katherine, finger-combing her long, lustrous copper-red hair.

THE SIN FUNNEL

45

"Never!" I snarled. "Men can ravish girls but girls can't ravish men!"

"Pooh to those stuffy rules!" snorted Katherine. "I believe in equal rights for girls. And what do you want to bet I can't succeed in ravishing you—over and over?"

I said nothing. I just glared defiance.

"Glaring defiance will get you nowhere," chortled Katherine. "In a few minutes I intend to have my minions tie you back down to a big bed. Then I will commence to toy with you. Amorously. Think I won't be able to arouse you?"

I looked at her. And thought. She could most likely manage it, I decided.

For, despite my brave words, I knew that girls could ravish helpless men...

And if any of my male readers doubt this, let them imagine how they would react if a breath-takingly beautiful semi-nude girl had them tied to a bed, tied so they couldn't move.

Perhaps, right at first, out of annoyance or fear, you might be physically disinterested in her luscious charms. But could you maintain your disinterest if she really put her mind—and her hands and lips—to arousing you?

If her soft hands stroked you and coaxed you, tugged at you and teased you...

If her soft lips and softer tongue began to pay hectic homage to your yum-yum...

If you felt the silken waterfall of her long hair slide wantonly over your bare flesh...

If she nudged you here and there with her soft and sumptuous breasts...

Slithered over your bare body in the most sensuous manner imaginable...

And then bent her lovely head again and locked her

lips suctioningly to your super-heated flesh while her tongue twirled and swirled around and around—suggestively, seductively...

No.

Take my word for it, you wouldn't be able to stay physically disinterested long.

Perhaps for five minutes, maybe even for ten—but, if she persisted in her passionate advances, sooner or later you'd get sexually interested.

Very interested.

As I'm sure all thoughtful male readers will agree.

And if any female readers find this reprehensible, allow me to remind them that men are built differently, psychologically and sexually.

Girls, most girls at least, tend to link sex with emotion. Most girls, if they walk into a room full of men, don't have the urge to go to bed with every man they see. They want to get to know them a little first. Friendship first, then sex.

Not so with men. A man can (and almost invariably does) walk into a room full of luscious young girls and instantly wishes he could stip and bed each and every one. Together or in sequence.

Men, most men, like to be on friendly terms with the girls they sex with. But it isn't essential. If a man's in the mood—and what man isn't always in the mood?—if a man's in the mood for sex, any gorgeous girl will sexually stir him.

Even a girl he hates—or a girl who hates him.

So I groaned. Inwardly. For I knew KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine could use me as a sex toy...

She had just the kind of equipment to break down my resistance, too.

My kind of female equipment...

I tugged at the ropes that bound me. New rope. Tightly knotted. Unless I could get my hands on

something sharp to saw through the strands I was trapped.

"Don't be so impatient," chuckled Katherine, evidently choosing to interpret my struggles as an attempt to get free so I could leap amorously at her. "The fun will begin soon enough. Meanwhile I have a few adjustments to make on my TF Machine."

"TF," I said, "Machine? What does it do? Or if it doesn't do it yet, what is it supposed to do?"

Katherine pursed her lips. Then shrugged. "Seeing as how you're doomed—first to being my sextoy, then to a grisly death by torture when I tire of you—I suppose there's no harm in boasting a little. Behold my almost perfected—Time Funnel!"

"Huh?" I said, following the direction of her proudly pointing hand.

What I saw was indeed curious. It looked sort of like a steel cage—only with a chair inside. A kind of armchair, on the arms of which were assorted dials and knobs.

"That's a Time Tunnel?" I gasped.

"No, no—not a Time Tunnel—a Time Funnel. We were going to call it a Time Tunnel, as a matter of fact, but some TV program beat us to it. KRUNCH is very kagy about kopyright violations. Though in point of fact one cannot kopyright the English language. However, to avoid possible confusion of any sort, our device is called a Time Funnel."

"You're kidding!" I gasped.

"Not so," frowned Katherine. "I almost have all the bugs out of it, too. And then..."

"Then what?" I frowned.

"I—and other kruel KRUNCH agents—will be able to travel through time! To the Past! To the Future!"

"Nonsense," I scoffed. "Time machines don't work. Everybody knows that."

"Airplanes didn't fly—at first," Katherine reminded me. "Nor did nuclear reactors react, laser beams lase, etc. etc. There has to be a first time for everything. And my TF Machine works!"

"A likely story," I sneered. "Boy, have you conned KRUNCH! Getting them to invest in a doomed-from-the-start project!"

Katherine turned white with rage. "I'll admit that KRUNCH's Board of Directors have had their reservations. Have been stingy with funds. But they'll turn handsprings when they learn I've finally made the TF work. If imperfectly."

"Imperfectly?" I asked, not really interested in the mad girl's ravings, but rather stalling for time—time in which I could figure out a way to escape.

"Yes," sighed Katherine. "Like, there seems to be a sort of built-in elasticity in the dimension we call time. I can stretch it, but after an hour it snaps right back to where it was. Which is the present."

"You mean," I said, running my eyes around the basement lab for something I could use to cut my bonds, "that you can project yourself forward or backward in time, but only for an hour?"

"Right. After that—snap! I'm wrenched right back to the force center focussed on the control chair."

"A major defect," I sneered, pretending to believe her preposterous tale.

"Not really," frowned Katherine. "Once I get some of the other bugs out—like the trouble I have picking the exact spot in time I travel to—it won't matter in the least."

"All very interesting," I yawned. "And no doubt your TF Machine will prove of minor interest to historians, archeologists and fortune-tellers. But hardly profitable, I should say."

"Oh yeah?" sneered Katherine. "Wouldn't you like to

know which horse is going to win the Kentucky Derby—so you could place a bet? Aren't you even a little bit interested in which stocks are going to go up—so you could buy in cheap?"

I nodded thoughtfully. Then—even though I still didn't believe her contraption worked—I found myself shuddering with horror. In the hands of an international criminal syndicate like KRUNCH, the Time Funnel would be worth millions. Billions...

They would know in advance the results of every horse race in the world—every stock advance or decline. They'd know just where oil, or diamonds or uranium were going to be discovered, and could then discover the oilfields or diamond mines first!

In a matter of months they'd be incredibly rich, in a year or two they'd own billions, in five years they'd own the Earth! And we at SADISTO wouldn't be able to stop them—because they could shoot ahead in time, find out our counter-moves and take steps to foil our plans even before we thought of them...

Bestial!

Frightful!

How lucky that Katherine was obviously mad, that the Time Funnel couldn't possibly work.

Or so, sob, I thought at the time...

Meanwhile Katherine was bending over a computer—a stance which emphasized the magnificent span of her hips, the rounded magnificence of her brazenly feminine buttocks so inadequately covered by the red mini-bikini she wore.

"Seems to be all set for a trial run," she murmured.

"Planning on a trip?" I sneered. "Give my regards to Buck Rogers or any cavemen you meet... Heh, heh!"

"I'm not going myself this trip," muttered Katherine who had evidently missed the sarcasm in my voice.

"Just going to make a test run. And maybe catch something."

"The Black Plague, I hope," I chortled.

But Katherine, intent on her mad scientisting, ignored me. And busied herself baiting a kind of cage trap, one just big enough to catch a cat in, if one cared to trap cats.

Then, the trap baited, she stepped inside the also cage-like contraption she fancied was a Time Funnel and placed the trap on the seat of the control chair. After which she adjusted several knobs and dials then quickly skipped out of the Time Funnel, closing the barred door behind her as—

ZAP!

A blue flash filled the room.

I blinked—then gasped.

The trap which had been resting on the Time Funnel's control chair was gone!

Then I smiled to myself. A mere sleight of hand magic trick. The trap was inside the control chair, of course.

"Do we, heh, heh, have to wait an hour for the trap to snap back to us through time?" I sneered.

Katherine shook her head. "Objects—like clocks or people—register an hour's time lapse. But they return to our time in just under three seconds. That trap should be on it's way back about now and—

ZAP!

Again the blue flash and—surprise! The trap was back on the seat of the control chair inside the barred contraption she called the Time Funnel.

And there was something—a bat it looked like—inside it.

"Wonder what I've caught?" mused Katherine, opening the barred door to the so-called Time Funnel and trotting inside to pick up the trap.

"Myl!" she exclaimed. "What a lucky catch! Isn't he cute?"

And she trotted over to show me what was in the trap.

I looked. Just as I'd figured. A bat. Rather a large bat. Most likely a—good grief!

It wasn't a bat!

It, gasp, shudder, was a baby pterydactyl!

"Quark!" commented the baby pterydactyl, fixing me with a beady red eye.

"Wonder what it likes to eat?" murmured Katherine.

"When it grows up—people!" I gulped. "At least if the monster movies I've seen are accurate. What time period did you send the trap to?"

"About fifty million BC," said Katherine. "Though at that distance I might have been millions of years off. Careless of me not to have sent a camera. Then I could have had a picture of the night sky. By comparing the positions of the constellations any computer could then tell me the exact date."

"Unless," I said, "you chanced to land your camera in daytime on a cloudy day."

"Some people are always ready to find fault," pouted Katherine. "But at least now you must agree that my Time Funnel works."

"No," I snapped. "I still don't believe it works."

"But you saw it work!" raged Katherine. "And here's a baby pterydactyl to prove it. I think I'll call him Trevor..."

"That's my name," I snapped.

Katherine nodded. "His beady red eyes remind me a lot of you. Perhaps he's a distant ancestor of yours... But no. He looks more like an Oscar than a Trevor. Here Oscar, here Oscar!"

"Quark!" replied the baby pterydactyl.

"He knows his name!" cried Katherine. "How,

now, can you possibly fail to believe my Time Funnel works?"

"Because," I said, wishing I had a hand free to wipe the cold sweat from my brow, "if I believe that that thing works I will undoubtedly go insane. So, to preserve my sanity, I prefer to believe it doesn't work. Even though I saw it work."

"Men are so illogical," scoffed Katherine. "But looking at this cute little prehistoric monster gives me an idea. A, heh, heh, horrible idea. Just for laughs, I'll suggest that KRUNCH build a huge Time Funnel. And bring back some really enormous prehistoric monsters. Which we can let loose in major cities. For laughs."

"You fiend!" I gasped, tugging frantically and foolishly at my bonds. Foolishly because I knew I couldn't possibly break the ropes. All I could do was—crack! I'd broken the chair!

Of course! Like everything else wooden in Clarksville and environs, the chair was undoubtedly termite riddled!

(Which only goes to show that acting foolishly pays off at times.)

I shot a surreptitious glance at Katherine. She was on her hands and knees offering the baby pterydactyl some sugar cubes. Evidently she hadn't noticed my snapping the chair rung.

I felt around cautiously with my fingers, pricked my finger on a rusty nail half embedded in the rotted chair rung. Perfect. Heedless of the number of times I managed to gash myself instead of the rope, I began to saw through the strands.

Moments later I had my hands free! Carefully I worked the rusty nail loose...

"Oscar doesn't seem to care for sugar cubes," muttered Katherine. "Maybe he'd like some Spam. I'll

go open a can for him."

And she trotted off, her luscious rump rolling and swaying delightfully.

Like lightning I tugged loose the rusty nail, hacked at the ropes binding my feet.

And then—I was free!

Free to (1) smash the time machine, (2) liquidate Katherine, and (3) spray the plants with 2, 4 D—just in case.

First things first.

I grabbed a wrecking bar—which no doubt had been used to open crates of scientific equipment—and leaped toward the Time Funnel which, as I said, looked remarkably like a lion's cage with a gadget studded arm-chair in the center.

I wondered, as I leaped, what purpose the bars were for. Most likely as protection for Katherine when she was operating the machine remotely—like if the machine brought back a saber toothed tiger, the tiger wouldn't be able to get at her.

Well, the technical details weren't important. Soon the Time Funnel—and KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine—would be nothing but a bad memory.

I raised the wrecking bar, brought it down on the control studded chair as hard as I could.

"Don't do that!" I heard a female voice scream. I whirled just as Katherine, her green eyes wide with horror and rage, sprang into the Time Funnel after me, another wrecking bar raised above her lovely head.

I raised my own wrecking bar, stepped back so I could swing and—fell sprawling over the control chair as—

CLANG!

Katherine's wrecking bar and mine clashed, saber fashion.

I tried to roll free of the chair, my left hand groping for a hand-hold.

Which, unfortunately, it found—one of the control knobs in fact.

An instant later—

ZAP!

A blinding blue flash enveloped us!

I felt my senses reel, felt a sickening sense of vertigo in my stomach, felt as if my very body had dissolved into a billion free floating atoms. All sensations seemed to fuse and blur and merge, I felt myself whirling, spinning, traveling, traveling...

And as I whirled and spun and traveled I groaned inwardly.

This time you've done it, 0008, I groaned to myself. You've launched yourself—and Katherine, no doubt—into time!

As indeed, sob, proved to be the case...

CHAPTER/5

NAKED AND AFRAID I WHIRLED THROUGH SPACE and time until thud!

I arrived.

Somewhere.

In a drenching cold rain, too...

I blinked, looked around. No, I was in a crude shower stall. Standing right alongside a horrified man who, until my arrival, had been busy soaping himself—at least he had a cake of soap in his hand.

"Uh, how do," I said, forcing myself to smile casually.

"Awwwk!" gasped the young man. Then his eyes rolled back in his head and he slid to the ground in a dead faint.

Well, I could hardly blame the poor fellow. I'd be a bit shaken myself if a stranger from another time suddenly materialized beside me while I was taking a shower.

Another time...

What time had I rematerialized in?

I looked around the shower stall. Crude, very crude. Corrugated metal walls. Roof open to the sky. No hot water tap, either...

At that instant the crude door to the crude outdoor shower stall opened and a man who bore a passing resemblance to Errol Flynn in a flying helmet stuck his head inside.

"Come out of that shower, Max—you're turning blue! And hurry—the Dawn Patrol is already three hours late for take-off!"

Oh, I thought, no...!
Wordlessly I stumbled out of the shower stall, found a towel, began to dry myself.

It was true...

Lined up on the tarmac nearby were six Sopwith Camels and a like number of Newport Scouts, mechanics fussing with them, goggled pilots chewing their lips worriedly.

"Pull your finger out of your mouth, Max!" snarled the man who looked like Errol Flynn. "And get into that flying suit—fast!"

"But—but there's kind of a mistake," I protested. "For one thing my name's Trevor, not Max. And I'm not a real flyer and—"

"Trevor—Max—who cares what your name is?" snarled the surly type who stood glaring at me. "I can't keep track of all the replacement pilots they send me. And naturally you're not a real flyer. I keep complaining about the R.F.C.'s practice of sending me kiwis with only six or eight hours flying time! You poor devils don't stand a chance..."

I gasped. The R.F.C.? I'd never dreamed the Reconstruction Finance Corporation had had their own air force in World War I. But no—R.F.C. stood for Royal Flying Corps, of course. Careless of me to have forgotten that the R.A.F. hadn't been formed until the end of the First World War, when the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service had been merged...

"All I can say, Trevor," muttered the mustached character who was evidently my squadron leader, "is keep in tight formation. Pray. Hope for the best. Look sharp and shoot straight. That will be your only chance to survive."

"Oh..." I said, climbing into my flying suit—for what else could I do?

"It's sound advice, lad. The exact same advice I gave recently to other brave lads, such as Harry, Sam, Egbert, Robert, Frank, Joe, Walter, Mark, William, John, Clyde, Dick, Scott, Michael, Dan and Edward."

"I see," I said. "And, uh, what happened to Harry, Sam, Egbert, Robert, Frank, Joe, Walter, Mark, William, John, Clyde, Dick, Scott, Michael, Dan and Edward?"

The squadron leader said nothing. He just grimaced and jerked his thumb down.

"Lamentable," I said. "I mean, rough show."

To myself I thought—Stall! Stall any way you can. Because in just an hour, less than an hour now, you'll be whisked back through time to the relative safety of Sarawak.

Then another thought struck me.

"Why are you looking around, Trevor?" frowned the squadron leader.

"Uh, I was looking for a girl who came—or should have come—with me," I explained.

"No mascots allowed aloft, Trevor!" he snapped. "Get in your plane—number five."

"Yes sir," I said. "Uh—you wouldn't consider giving me an hour's instruction on the ground before take-off, would you?"

"You have a choice, Trevor!" raged the squadron leader. "Get in that plane, or be shot for cowardice right now!"

So I got into the plane. A battered Newport Scout. A mechanic trotted up to me. "Whatever you do, sir," he said. "Take care of the ruddy aircraft. Pilots we can always get. Aircraft is scarce."

He pointed at a row of crosses painted on the side of my plane. "See those?"

I nodded. "Enemy aircraft shot down by this plane?"

He shook his head. "Pilots of this plane killed by the Germans. But each and every lad managed to stay alive long enough to return old number five to the field. Now, I presume you've never flown anything this modern before, so I'll give you a little fast instruction."

And he began talking faster than a tobacco auctioneer. I listened as best I could. Like my life depended on my knowing what I was doing.

"Got it, mate? I mean Lieutenant?" he finished.

"I think so," I said. "Uh—where did you say the throttle was?"

"No throttle on the Newport Scout, sir. Just the one power setting—full out. To slow down to land, if you should survive, that is, you just keep switching the engine on and off. Now—on your flipping way!"

"In just a few minutes," I said. "First I want to stall—I mean learn the stall speed of this aircraft and..."

I broke off. The mechanic had drawn a Webley .455 revolver and was aiming it at my head.

So I took off, joined the other eleven planes which were already circling impatiently over the field in V-formation. Following instructions I took the tail-man-Charley position. A position, I seemed to recall which was the most vulnerable to being shot down...

What a nightmare!

Skilled pilot though I was, I'd never flown anything as wild as the flimsy Newport I was fighting to control. For one thing, the 80-hp LeRhône rotary engine was absurd—the whole engine rotated. Aside from making the aircraft appallingly dangerous to take off and land— or even keep flying straight—it did have one advantage, the mechanic had told me: the tremendous torque allowed the plane to turn to the right well inside any German fighter. I'd have to remember that. Just in case.

Meanwhile, far below, I could make out the front lines. Evidently an attack was in progress—tanks, looking like fat gray beetles, were lumbering across the mud.

Interesting. I'd never observed a tank battle from the air before. Perhaps—

STREAK! STREAK! STREAK!

Tracer bullets! Flashing past my wings!

I turned my head. Hurling down out of the sun were what seemed to be dozens of enemy planes! Fokker D-7's and Fokker Triplanes! Gaily painted planes with Spandau slugs spitting from their guns! The Flying Circus!

Screaming—in defiance, not fear, of course—I yanked back on the stick, looped, dove, made a split-S turn as—

THUNK! THUNK! THUNK!

—bullets thudded into my frail aircraft.

I banked sharply to the right—turned to see a scarlet Fokker D-7 snarl by, the pilot snarling at me through her goggles as her long copper-red hair fluttered behind her.

KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine!

I rolled over on my back, made another right turn, rolled again. I was on her tail!

Smiling triumphantly I thumbed the safety off—sent a stream of slugs from my twin Lewis guns flashing into her fuselage. Cackling inwardly I watched my tracers stitch their way toward the cockpit—and KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine's frightened form.

"Just about gotcha!" I chortled, as—

WHAM! BLAM!

Archie shells began exploding all around me. The German ack-ack gunners had me in range!

My plane rocked and bounced, and even over the shattering crash of the anti-aircraft shells exploding

I could hear fabric tearing, wood splintering, struts twanging and parting...

I was, I realized regretfully as my plane spun toward the earth out of control, done for...

Even the sight of Katherine's scarlet D-7 plummeting down trailing flames failed to cheer me. Much, at least. It was some consolation to know that at least I'd liquidated my foul female foe...

Meanwhile castor oil (a revolting additive for gasoline in my opinion) was streaming back from my ruined rotary engine, smearing my face and goggles in approved war movie style.

"Farewell, cruel world!" I cried valiantly as—
CRUNCH!

My Newport spun into a haystack!

Spitting hay, I took off my goggles and looked around. Safe! And what was more, emerging from another part of the haystack was a girl—a nude and lovely young girl!

Things were beginning to look better.
A lot better...

"Sacre bleu!" cried the girl, who was evidently French. "What a disaster!"

"It's not as bad as all that," I assured her, blinking unsteadily out of the runins of my Newport, which fortunately hadn't caught fire. "I'm relatively unharmed."

"I didn't mean you," snarled the shapely French girl. "I meant the plane—it's ruined. Pilots the Allies can always get, but a Newport Scout is precious..."

"Bah!" I snarled. "If you're so keen on bolstering the Allied war effort, why aren't you off rolling bandages or sending yellow feathers to men not in uniform? Instead of lolling nakedly in a haystack?"

"But Monsieur," she protested. "They also believe

morale who only lie around nude in les haystack! I am—or was—awaiting a brave Infantry Captain whose morale I intended to boost."

"I see," I said. "Well, until the brave captain arrives, why not boost my morale a little?"

"You—a mere lieutenant? A plane smasher?"

"You can't win every battle," I protested.

"And how many battles have you won?" she sneered.

"How many of the enemy have you killed?"

I thought. Counting women and children, how many alleged or rumored enemies of the Free World, as SADISTO knew it, had I killed? Lots. So many I'd lost count.

"So many I've lost count," I said.

"Mon herol!" she enthused, tossing her long black hair seductively, and then melting into my arms as her shameless hands reached for my morale, after first stripping off my flying suit.

What a pleasant interlude this promises to be, I mused as I stroked the warm contours of her Gallic body, as my hands cupped and cajoled her fabulous French breasts, her Latin loins, her—

ZAP!

Suddenly I was spinning through space and time again, to land with a thud, back inside the steel cage of the Time Funnel.

Confound it! Another five minutes and...then I tensed. For, sprawled a few feet away from me was KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine!

I stared at her with hatred while she glared at me.

Aside from a smudge on her cheek and the fact that her long copper-red hair was wet she appeared to be uninjured, too. Worse luck.

I tensed my muscles to spring at her and finish her off. Surprise. My muscles wouldn't move.

"A curious and as yet unexplained side-effect of

the Time Funnel," she hissed. "The act of returning to the same time period seems to paralyze the motor muscles for a few moments... I thought you got shot down?"

"I plunged into a haystack," I said. "And was about to plunge into a yummy young French girl when—"

"ZAP," chuckled Katherine. "My plane fell into a pond. A gallant German aristocrat pulled me out, ripped off my flying suit to look for wounds, smothered my naked body impulsively with kisses, flung me impulsively to the ground and then, before he could even get his riding britches off—"

"ZAP," I agreed. "Uh, how come we didn't arrive in the same place?" I asked, cautiously trying to move my muscles—my aim being, of course, to keep her talking and distracted until I could spring at her and finish her off. An unfair tactic, perhaps; but we triple-zero SADISTO agents don't hold with fair play.

"I'm not sure," frowned Katherine, who also seemed to be testing her muscles. "I think perhaps the difference in our weight has something to do with it. Like you being so much heavier, you sort of skidded a bit, in space if not time. Evidently we landed in the same time period but a few miles apart. I rematerialized in a shower at a German airfield. Wearing only my red bikini—which is now lost in time, alas."

"Interesting," I mused, still testing my muscles which still didn't respond to my commands. "There must be something about water that attracts time travelers or vice versa."

"Evidently," agreed Katherine. "Well, I was about to saunter out of the shower with the intention of passing myself off as a Teutonic camp follower—I speak excellent Low German, of course—when I heard this officer type outside reading a proclamation from

the Kaiser. About how all German fliers should be on the watch for female spies. So I had no alternative but to slip into a bulky flying suit. And join the Baron on patrol."

"Fascinating," I said. I tested my muscle control again. I could move! I looked around for my wrecking bar. Gone. It must be back in the shower stall in World War I. I could only hope it would contribute in some way to Allied victory...

But I didn't need a wrecking bar to wreck KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine...

Grimmacing horribly I sprang at her, just as she sprang at me. And, surprise, she had a German bayonet in her hand. The crafty wench had brought back a souvenir!

Warily we circled each other, Katherine now and then slashing at me with her bayonet while I dodged and feinted with my karate-trained fingers. She knew a thing or two about close fighting, did Katherine. But I knew more...

Adroitly I stepped back, pretended to lose my balance and then, as she lunged for the kill, I deftly kicked her wrist.

The bayonet went flying and, a moment later, I had my hands around her lovely throat.

"You die now, KRUNCH Kutie!" I snarled as, out of the corner of my eye, I saw the bayonet soar up and then down. Right on top of a control knob.

"Oh no!" I groaned as—

ZAP!

We were off again...

CHAPTER/6

NAKED AND ANNOYED, I WHIRLED THROUGH THE fourth dimension, helpless to do anything save gnash my teeth and hum a few bars of *Time Is On My Side* until—

SPLASH!

I was drowning! No—I was in a fairly shallow pool. In open country. Rather pretty country, too. I waded ashore, brushed water off my still—or again—naked body, looked around me.

Sylvan glades, oak and beech forests, winding trails, Spring flowers, skylarks singing—the whole rustic bit. Where could I be? New England, perhaps? No, this countryside was softer, greener. More like Old...

I froze. Close by I could hear the sound of horses hooves. And then an off-key male baritone voice singing...

"Stronger than Bert! Sir Ajax Achilles is—stronger than Bert!" sang the off-key baritone.

Appalled, I shrank nakedly behind a bush as toward me cantered a knight in white armor! Astride a white horse in ditto!

"Tirra-lirra by the river—I shall cut out Sir Bert's liver!" sang the atrocious-voiced knight. And then he saw me. Reined to a stop. Leveled his white lance.

"Out from yon bush, naked villain!" he commanded.

I looked around for a tree to climb. None close enough. Smiling ingratiatingly I rose from behind the bush.

"Ods bodkins, what an odd bodkin thou art!" gasped

THE SIN FUNNEL

65

the white knight, in what—thanks to my thorough SADISTO training in languages—I recognized to be Olde English.

"Trevor's the name," I said. "I mean—Sir Trevor. Knight of the, uh, Round Table. You, I take it, are Sir Ajax?"

He nodded, thereby causing—CLANG!—his visor to shut. He tugged it open again angrily. "I tend to doubt your tale, luckless wretch!" he snapped. "Methinks you look more like my sworn enemy, Sir Bert the Saracen! Be good enough to don thy armor and mount thy charger, so I may joust you good!"

"Well," I said, backing away discreetly, "I'd like to, but the fact is, I, uh, don't have any armor. Or a horse for that matter."

"Then thou art no knight! You die now, presumed sorcerer!"

And with that he raised his lance and charged. What to do!

I looked around. No tree close enough to climb. Dive into the stream? No—it was only a few inches deep.

There was, in fact, only one thing to do. Nobly I stood my ground, arms folded, head high—while Sir Ajax thundered closer and closer, his long lance pointed at my navel. Then he lowered the tip of his lance a bit.

The cad!

Still I held my ground. Moving not a muscle until his horse was almost on top of me. Then I leaped into the air, waved my hands and trumpeted like a bull elephant.

Completely spooked, the great white horse whinnied in panic and reared, causing Sir Ajax to—

CLANG!

Slide off backward and hit the ground hard.

While the horse trotted nervously off a few yards to await developments, I raced over to the fallen knight, raised his visor. Out cold.

Deftly—or as deftly as I could—I stripped off his armor, put it on. It felt clammy and cold against my bare flesh, but it was better than nothing. Then I frowned. I could have stolen Sir Ajax's long underwear... Well, no matter. The important thing was, I was armored.

Now all I had to do was keep out of trouble for an hour, and I was home safe.

Mounting the horse wasn't easy, considering the weight of my armor, but eventually I managed it by tethering the horse to one end of a partly fallen tree, then waddling up the tree trunk until I could drop into the saddle.

And then, with a cheery wave at the red-faced and fist-shaking Sir Ajax, who had just come to, I cantered away along the forest trail.

With any luck, I mused, I may encounter KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine. Naked and defenseless. How she'd scream as I plunged my lance through her shapely body...

Well, she had it coming.

She and her confounded Time Funnel...

I'd fix her wagon, even if I had to chase her to the end of, shudder, time...

Meanwhile I continued to canter along, singing *Time On My Hands* and *My Time Is Your Time* and digging the Olde English scene, also scenery.

Thus singing and cantering I turned a corner in the forest trail to see before me—a witch!

No, just an old crone.

"Ho there, old crone!" I shouted jovially. "So good enough to jump for your aged life, or I shall ride thee down for kicks!"

"You must be jesting, Sir Ajax!" wailed the old crone. "You are Sir Ajax, aren't you? Yes—I'd recognize your escutcheon anywhere!"

I frowned, glanced down. I hadn't realized my escutcheon was...but no, the chain mail flap was in place. Then I smiled. Of course! She meant the coat of arms on my shield. Lacking numbered license plates, knights had carried distinctively painted shields.

"You must come at once, Sir Ajax!" begged the old crone. "There is a fight that needs a'fighting, a wrong that needs a'righting!"

"Sorry," I said. "I have an appointment."

"But gentle good knight! A fair maiden is being menaced by a dragon!"

"So call the S.P.C.A. Or rather, the S.P.C.M."

"But sire! Thou art president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Maidens! You must ride to succor this naked, defenseless, tied hand and foot maiden—with long, copper-red hair and jade green eyes!"

I pursed my lips—a gesture wasted on the old crone, of course, since I had my visor down. "Jade, you say, green eyes? And is her flesh copper-gold, perchance?"

"Exactly! You know the maiden?"

"I sure do," I cackled. "Okay—point the way. I'll, heh, heh, use my lance as I see fit once I reach the maiden..."

"Oh no, thou won't!" bellowed a strange male voice.

I turned in the saddle, squinted through my visor. A coal black knight aboard a coal black horse!

"Sir Mordred the Maiden Molester!" gasped the old crone. "So t'was he who tied up the fair, or more correctly copper-gold fleshed maiden—after first uncouthly stripping her—and then left her to the tender

mercy of any passing dragon!"

"Indeed I did'st!" boasted the black knight. "Though as it happened, I had'st no need to strip the fair maiden—she was fair naked when I found her. I had'st merely to molest her at my leisure—though in all truth she seemed to rather welcome my advances—then tie her up as ye bait for ye dragon."

"Hear the wicked knight boast!" gasped the nosey old crone. "Art thou not going to do'est something, Sir Ajax?"

"Why, yes," I said. "I'd like to shake your hand, Sir Mordred. You're my kind of knight. Mind if I molest your captive a little myself?"

"You liest!" roared the black knight. "You plannest to rescue her! Prepare to meet my charge, Whitey! Thou shalt soon samplest a taste of black power!"

And with that he charged.

I tugged at the reins, signaled my horse to turn right rudder fast so as to flee the scene. But the confounded horse was too well trained. At the sight of the charging black knight my white stallion charged to meet him.

What to do? I struggled to remember my jousting lessons—an elective course during SADISTO basic weapon training. Ah, yes—raise lance. Aim same. Raise shield. Cower behind same.

And so we thundered toward each other, the hooves of our mighty armored horses making the ground shake with the titanic power of our approach.

"How exciting this is!" giggled the blood-thirsty old crone.

I tensed, tried to aim my (incredibly heavy) long lance. Not even a peep sight, let alone a ring sight on the dratted thing. I gripped it tight and—

SNICK!

—my gripping hand released a secret catch, and an

extra five feet of lance slid out from the tip of my twenty-foot wood skewer!

Good deal, I reflected, happy to know that, while Sir Ajax might be technically a Good Guy, he wasn't above cheating a little in lance length.

A moment later the tip of my extra-long lance smacked into Sir Mordred's black shield and—

SNAP!

—broke off.

And a fraction of a second later his lance hit my breast-plate dead center and—

ZONK! CLANG!

—sent me flying through the air to land painfully on my back.

If there's anything I hate, I mused as I passed out, it's a black knight who puts me in my place...

I came to in another sylvan glade, to find a raven-haired girl bending over me.

I struggled to sit up. Found—though hardly to my surprise, the way things had been going—that I was again naked.

Hanging on a dead tree was what was left of my—or more correctly Sir Ajax's—armor. I winced to see the big dent in the front of my breast-plate. Some auto-body shop was going to have a devil of a time taking that dent out...

I turned back to the raven-haired girl.

What a girl!

Her raven-hair fell to her ankles, her eyes were big and beautiful, her lips red and luscious, and her body—Wow! She wasn't naked, but the filmy gown she wore was so transparent I could see every curved contour of her voluptuous young body—even the carnation pink of her aureoles and the rose-bud red of her nipples were intriguingly visible through her

garment.

"Ho there, fallen knight!" she murmured.
 "Merlina's my name—magic's my game..."

I frowned. "You're a sorceress?"

"Yes. Do you mind?"

"Uh, not at all," I said, looking around some more and seeing—KRUNCH Kolonel Katherinel Tied naked and helpless to a tall oak tree!

"Pay no need to yon struggling maiden—or more correctly, former maiden, for Sir Mordred has wreaked his lusty will upon her, I believe. She's scheduled for devouring by a dragon shortly."

"Come now," I frowned, "surely a weaver of magical spells like you, Merlina, is hip enough to know that dragons are mythical creatures!"

"Shhh! Don't spread it around!" she cautioned. "Ye local yeoman and peasants aren't wise. You guessed it—the local dragon is a big phony. Made out of cloth and skins, with bellows blowing smoke from its nostrils. Takes twenty knaves inside to move it. But boy, is it realistic looking—at least from a distance."

"Fascinating," I said. "Uh—why go to so much trouble?"

"To intimidate the peasants, of course. Like they're all spit scared of dragons. Hence happy to pay big taxes to support us sorceresses, knights, barons, lords, ladies, jesters, court musicians and other members of ye Establishment. On account of they think that only knights can save them from dragons."

"What a clever political ruse," I mused. "In my day—I mean, in future times, I have no doubt that military rulers and semi-military rulers will adopt the same gimmick: scare the pants off the the local population by pretending the nation is menaced by frightful enemies. Then they'll vote big taxes to support

the Pentagon, F.B.I., C.I.A. etc.—and other well paid members of the Establishment. Uh, what happens to the menaced maiden?"

"She gets dragged into the heh, heh, mouth of the fake dragon. Where she gets chopped up by real knives, thereby providing real blood and realistic screams to impress ye local yokels."

"Most ingenious," I approved. "Uh, may I volunteer to serve as head man in your local dragon? I have a score to settle with yon maiden."

"Be our guest," cooed Merlina. "But first—would'st mind if I practiced a few erotic spells? On you?"

"Be," I urged her, "my guest..."

And before I could say odds bodkin, she had flung off her flimsy garment and was swarming all over me...

Erotically, passionately, fervently...

Also nakedly and effectively.

Carried away by the ardent lustiness of her advances, I surrendered to the pleasing provocation of her limbs, the scorching inferno of her lips, the pneumatic cushioniness of her breasts, the soft enticement of her belly...

How curious, I mused to myself, that of all the arts and sciences, sex alone has not improved through the ages—or, to put it another way, sex was already so great when the human race discovered it that nobody has been able to improve upon it...

Meanwhile, Merlina continued to swarm all over me—kissing me, fondling me, caressing me, hugging me, squeezing me, stroking me, driving me wild with demonic desire...

I reached for her, savagely, brutally, cupping and then crushing the fervent spheres of her breasts, biting her avidly as she bit me, clawing her soft flesh, crushing her to me, glorying in the golden

glowing contact of her flesh against mine, her softly feminine flesh against my hard, masculine flesh.

Wildly we writhed and rolled, frantically we wrestled and interlocked our limbs, squirmed and strove against each other, each aching with the unleashed passion each felt, each had to unleash, yearned to unleash upon the other.

Male flesh and female flesh, feminine ferocity and masculine lustiness met and matched as we rolled rapturously in the sunlight...

My hands moved down to grasp the rolling, writhing hemispheres of her buttocks as I pulled her to me, as my fingers sank deep into the rich rapture flesh of her rump—kneading her, grasping her, gripping her, pulling her tight to me as her loins lashed me in a frenzy of swirling, sliding, surging, super-sensual sexual excitement.

Moments later I had her beneath me, had her squirming and open thighed to my advances—and I pinned her down and thrust into her, pushed and plunged into her, lanced between her thrilling thighs to thrustingly explore the tight-gripping excitement of her body...

And she detonated beneath me, rolled and writhed beneath me, surged and seductively subsided beneath me...

Twisted and turned beneath me, heaved and bucked and jerked and shook beneath me...

As my fingers sank deep into her fun flesh, as I pulled her demandingly to me, as I plunged rapturously into her, as I pumped and pistoned her, as I drove her wild with ecstatic ecstasy, as I rammed and jammed her past the golden point of no return, as we merged and surged together toward the ultimate reality of existence...

As we jumped and humped together, merged and

surged together, met and melded together—searingly, pulsingly, jettingly, fountainingly, squirtingly...

I clasped her nude body as she clasped me, I clutched her as she clutched me—and together we ultimately beyond belief...

After which we rested.

"My, thou sure art talented, erotic spell wise!" gasped Merlina. "Let's practice a little more carnal conjuring—we haveth over an hour before ye dragon is slated to devour yon maiden..."

I sat up abruptly.

"An hour? I don't have that long!"

I leaped to my feet, grabbed Sir Ajax's shining sword, sprinted toward the tall oak tree to which Katherine was tied, naked and helpless.

"Wait!" yelled Merlina. "Yon maiden is reserved for ye dragon!"

"You'll just have to get another maiden," I yelled back. "This one," I cackled as I raised my sword preparatory to hacking off Katherine's horrified head, "has to be dealt with before—"

ZAP!

Foiled again, I fumed as, no doubt to the amazement of Merlina, Katherine and I vanished in a flash of blue light—on our way to renew our feud in our time...

CHAPTER/7

AGAIN SPRAWLED INSIDE THE TIME FUNNEL'S cage, again naked, and again unable to move a muscle for the time being, Katherine and I glared at each other.

At least, I glared at her at first—but after I realized that she had snapped back to our time with her hands and feet still bound, and I'd snapped back to our time with Sir Ajax's shining sword in my hand, I stopped glaring and began leering and snickering horribly.

"Afraid you're doomed, this time, KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine," I giggled. "We'll both regain the ability to move our muscles at the same instant, as you know. And while I don't doubt that you'll be able to untie yourself I don't, heh, heh, think you'll be able to do the job fast enough to prevent my chopping you up good with this sword."

"I fear you're right," sighed Katherine. "What a pity that such a promising career in crime must come to a close... So many crimes uncommitted, so many atrocities undone, so many ghastly plots unplotted..."

"Those are the breaks," I said callously.

"Just one thing," begged Katherine. "Cut off, if you must, my young fair head, but spare the Time Funnel!" she said.

"Sorry," I gritted, "but my orders were to destroy a KRUNCH Field Station. And destroy it I will, just as soon as I can move my sword-wielding and Time Funnel-smashing muscles."

"But—but the Time Funnel is priceless! A bood

THE SIN FUNNEL

75

to man and girl kind! Also it represents weeks and weeks of hard work on my part!"

"Tough," I said. "But I'm not trained to make technical evaluations in the field. I just follow orders blindly and brutally. Ah, I feel the first tingling of muscular control returning! Yes! I can now stagger to my feet, raise my sword over your helpless head and—OOF!"

And well might I cry oof!—for KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine, dirty fighter that she was, had uncouthly drawn back her shapely if tied legs and then driven them into my stomach, causing me to momentarily reel back until I collided with the control chair of the Time Funnel and—

Yes...

ZAP!

Away we went again...

Where to now? I mused dejectedly as I felt myself cartwheeling through the fourth dimension. From the brightness of the blue flash and the loudness of the ZAP sound I had the unhappy feeling that this time I was off on an extra long journey through time. And how right I was...

SPLAT!

I rematerialized (somewhere in time) sprawled in a mudhole.

Spitting out foul-tasting mud, I lurched toward semi-dry ground, looked around.

Hot, really hot sun overhead. Rocky, primitive-looking crags. A riot of huge, tangled trees—but no ordinary trees; giant cyclamens and towering ferns and primeval palms.

Oh, oh...I thought.

And even as I began to suspect where I was, my suspicions were confirmed!

Half-a-mile away, squelching through a marshy valley full of giant ferns was—a dinosaur! Not only was it a dinosaur, it was one of the biggest, ugliest, meanest-looking dinosaurs I'd ever seen!

I recognized it instantly as a—Stegalopoplis? Tyranawhazit? Brontosope? Confound it! Why hadn't I paid more attention during SADISTO's crash course in paleontology?

At any rate, whatever its generic and specific name, it was a real mean-looking dinosaur. Sort of like a two hundred foot long iguana, with a spiked collar and spikes sticking up from its back and tail—the end of which was round and spiked like a mace.

It was also, I noted with alarm, coming my way.

At flank speed, with its big beady red eyes gleaming and its enormous sharp teeth showing in a ghastly grin.

There are times, I reflected, when even for a triple-zero SADISTO agent discretion is so much the better part of valor that valor isn't even worth considering.

So reflecting I ran for my life, clutching my useless sword.

Through steaming swamps and towering ferns, dodging giant dragonflies with two-foot wingspans, kicking aside foot-long ants, detouring past a ten-foot-long snapping turtle—while behind me I heard the thundering squelch of the dinosaur sprinting in pursuit.

Frantically I ran, and ran and ran and ran until a huge stone cliff loomed before me!

It's smooth basaltic walls were, I noted with mounting horror, absolutely unclimbable. And the cliff—or more correctly, escarpment, ran for miles in either direction!

Doomed!

Or was I? In monster movie after monster movie, whenever the hero got chased by a huge dinosaur,

said huge dinosaur bumped into a different huge dinosaur. And the two titanic reptiles at once began to fight to the death, forgetting about the hero, who then had plenty of time to escape and start chasing the heroine.

Perhaps the mighty dinosaur chasing me would meet another monster!

With my back to the smooth wall of natural stone, I watched hopefully for another dinosaur. Not a one in sight. Just the one thundering toward me. He was only a quarter mile away now, too. Almost close enough for me to smell his bad breath...

And then—out of a towering grove of enormous ferns emerged another enormous dinosaur! A different-looking dinosaur! This monstrous monster lacked the spiked collar around its neck, also the mace-like knob on its tail. Its teeth, though, were just as big.

It spotted the first dinosaur and immediately began to run clumsily but rapidly toward it.

Saved!

I sat down and rested my back comfortably against the base of the cliff. With any luck, the gigantic grisly battle would last a full hour—after which I'd be automatically snapped back to Sarawak and comparative safety.

While I made myself comfortable I spared a casual thought for my quarry, KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine. Had she landed somewhere close by?

Or had we traveled so far back in time that she'd skidded through space to land a thousand miles away? In an active volcano, maybe...

Meanwhile the two huge reptiles had halted facing each other. Glaring at each other...

No! They weren't glaring at each other—they were leering at each other! Nuzzling each other!

And even as I watched, appalled, the first dinosaur

nudged the second, then raised a huge taloned forefoot and pointed at me. The second dinosaur looked, nodded and then they both began thundering towards me!

Confound it! I almost wept as I scrambled to my shaking feet. Why did I always have such bad luck?

Why couldn't the spiked dinosaur have met a ferocious foe instead of a female dinosaur he was trying to make time with?

Doomed again!

But not!

Suddenly, as if from the sky, a rope landed at my feet. Not just a rope, either, but a rope ladder!

I whirled, looked up. High, high above me a human face was peering down at me—a female human face! She leaned further out, motioned me to climb—a gesture which caused her newly revealed boobies to sway entrancingly.

And what boobies!

What a human female, for that matter!

Rapidly I began to climb the rope ladder as friendly hands above me began to haul it upward. Between my climbing and their hauling it wasn't long before I was a good hundred feet up the smooth basaltic cliff. Just in time, too, for an instant later—

CLUNK! CLUNK!

—huge jaws snapped hungrily just below me.

Seconds later huge boulders were dropped on me from above!

No! Huge earthenware jars, trailing smoke; and they weren't being dropped on me, but on the monsters below.

SPAM! SPAM! SPAM!

As each big earthenware jar shattered it exploded into flame. Primeval Berkeley cocktails! Jars filled, no doubt, with primitive petroleum, which must have been common enough on the surface tens of millions

of years ago, bubbling to the surface as it still did today in Trinidad and the La Brea Tar Pits!

Hissing with reptilian rage, the dinosaurs clumped away, to wallow in the nearest wallow full of water, no doubt.

Meanwhile I'd reached a wide natural ledge which led, I saw, to a huge natural cave.

And standing cheering at my close escape was a crowd of cave girls.

And what cave girls!

Never, ever had I seen such magnificently proportioned women. Rich brown flesh, rich brown hair, rich brown eyes—also ripe red lips and red fingernails (stained with some sort of primeval vegetable dye, no doubt).

And each and every luscious cave girl was naked and unashamed—proud pagan princesses of the dawn! Prehistoric pussycats! B.C. bunnies! Devonian damsels!

They clustered around me, patting me, stroking me, rubbing their lovely noses against me in what, evidently, was a typical warm cave-girl greeting.

One luscious lovely in particular, the brown-fleshed, brown-haired, brown-eyed beauty who'd tossed me the rope ladder, was patting and stroking me in especially proprietary fashion.

"Gee's dine! By daw lim durst!" she said sharply in what was evidently the local if primitive language. "Ginders gleepers, moosers teepers!"

Sighing, the other girls stepped back.

My self-appointed guardian smiled at me seductively. "Ghi dere, mall, gark dan baturinely handsome dranger..." she murmured. "Dep linto lyposy dave..."

Shrugging, I stepped into her posy dave—I mean, her cozy cave—cozy communal cave, I should say, for the whole tribe seemed to hang out there, though away

from the main chamber fur curtains which separated what were evidently private cubicles.

"Dare kor dome bood?" my curvaceous cave cutie inquired, offering me a primitive bowl of primitive fruit.

I nodded, accepted a primitive banana, began to chomp on it while I looked around.

"Gy dame lis peeve," confided my troglodytic temptress. She tapped her captivating cleavage and repeated: "Peeve!"

I frowned. "Sorry to hear that," I said. "In my language 'peeve' is rather a stupid name for a girl. If it's all the same to you, I'll shorten that to Eve. Uh, my name is Anderson, Trevor Anderson."

"Dan—danderblum? Amberum? Adam?"

"Adam is close enough," I shrugged.

She beamed. Tapped her bountiful boobies. "Eve." She tapped my...well, suffice to say she tapped me, "Adam."

I nodded. "John Huston might not have type cast us for the roles, but what the heck."

Eve beamed at me, spread a fur rug for me to sit on. Which I did. Rather a curious fur rug, I noted. Like it was made of hundreds of tiny furs sewn together. But that was understandable, I realized: The Time Funnel must have landed me at least fifty million years in the past—maybe a hundred million. At any rate, smack in the middle of the Age of Dinosaurs.

And back then, of course, mammals had hardly begun to evolve. Such mammals as there were were tiny, furtive, rat-like creatures. So the only fur these cave people could get would naturally be tiny.

Then I frowned. "Say," I gasped, blinking at Eve and then around at her tribe. "I don't mean to be rude, but you and your entire tribe are biologically

impossible. Like, your very existence is ruled out by independent scientific research organizations."

"?" eyebrow raised Eve.

"It's hard to explain," I told her, "especially since you don't understand a word I'm saying—but the thing is, human beings and dinosaurs never lived at the same time. Mammals only began to explode in all directions, evolutionarily speaking, about the time the dinosaurs started dying out. Got that?"

She shook her head in bewilderment.

"I'll admit," I conceded, "that scientists no longer assign such a short history to the human or human-like species. Forty years ago human beings were believed to have evolved as we—or at least I—know them as recently as a hundred thousand years ago. Now, of course, in Africa have established that man-like creatures such as *Zinjanthropus* and *Kenyanthropus* lived as much as fifteen million years ago, and possibly twenty-five million years ago. But those characters didn't look a bit like *Homo sapiens*. They were mere blind alleys in evolution. Whereas you and your tribe are obviously—"

I broke off. Frowned harder. First at the perfect beauty of Eve. Then around at the beautiful people who made up her tribe. Her tribe, I noted, didn't consist only of gorgeous girls—there were cave men as well as cave girls in the huge cavern. Though naturally, being a hundred per cent heterosexual, I'd noted only the girls right at first.

And the men weren't bad looking either. In fact each and every one of them could have posed for a muscle-building ad. Or been an instant success as the hero of a TV series...

And while Eve was incredibly beautiful—so were all the other females of her tribe. Each and every girl, in fact, could have won every beauty contest she

entered.

What could it mean...?

Meanwhile, Eve, tired of my looking around her cave and frowning, had begun to snuggle against me and nuzzle me with her lovely nose.

I smiled at her, patted her lovely shoulder—then, despite myself, frowned again.

Her eyes, while lovely, were different. Like her pupils weren't round but crescent-shaped, like a cat's! And her dainty ears—they came to a slight but, as she tossed her long black hair, clearly perceptible point!

Impossible!

And yet—why not?

Homo sapiens was but one of dozens of human, semi-human or pre-human anthropoid species. Most of them had been pretty ugly by modern standards. But that didn't mean that tens upon tens of millions of years ago, a species might not have evolved that, by chance, resembled the ideal of physical beauty now held by Homo sapiens...

There was, I realized as I studied Eve's lovely face, something Caucasian, something Negroid, something Oriental—even something American Indian about her features.

Like the luscious lasses which are the products of such racial melting pots as Hawaii or Trinidad...

Only Eve—and the rest of her tribe—had something extra. An almost extra-terrestrial strangeness. Like, they looked like the girls from other planets once depicted so exotically on the covers of science fiction magazines...

I, Trevor Anderson, had discovered a new, superior species of man (and girl) kind! Fame would be mine as the first man to describe Homo perfectus, Anderson!

"Gon't de bo dintrospective!" sulked Eve, who was evidently peeved at my having been lost in introspection.

Forcing myself to curb my mounting anthropological interest, I turned and smiled at her. After all, she had saved my life. The least I could do was... do something nice for her. Only what did I have that she might want?

And even as I pondered, her lithe and lovely brown hands slid down my bare body. Suggestively... Also grippingly.

"?" she questioned with her eyes.

I nodded, patted her burnished brown rump. And, eagerly, she rose to her shapely feet, led me through the main chamber of her cave to one of the cozy cubicles in the rear.

Where she sank seductively down amid a pile of soft furs and reached up for me beckoningly.

Shrugging, I flung myself into her embrace. And what an embrace!

My new species—for as discoverer of this hitherto unsuspected race of human beings I felt a proprietary (though not fatherly) interest in her and her tribe—was as superior sexually as in other respects.

Never, ever had I been stroked and caressed and nose-rubbed and kissed and slithered against so effectively as Eve stroked and caressed and nose-rubbed and kissed and slithered me that day...

Her whole body seemed to ripple and undulate erotically, driving me wild with desire, crazing me with lust...

And when our bodies merged the fun got even more frantic.

Homo perfectus, at least as represented by my Eve, had evolved incredibly adroit internal muscles. Eve's magnificent internal muscles began where Tahitian

girls left off, in fact—and everybody knows the control Tahitian girls have over their internal muscles...

Eve's innermost muscles gripped me and squeezed me and shook me and tugged at me in a manner too wondrous to describe. Her internal muscles were as dextrous as a milkmaid's hands, supple as a squeezing serpent, talented as a flute player's fingertips...

It was like being gripped a thousand fold, being shaken as a terrier shakes a bone, being suctioned by a soft, hot, liquidly exciting vacuum cleaner...

Despite my best efforts to control myself, I felt myself being carried away by the erotic ferocity of her sexual technique...

And moments later, shatteringly, pulsingly, ecstatically I detonated—as did Eve—and together we soared into the golden, glowing land of sexual glory...

Throbbing and thrilling as we soared...

After which we rested.

Then Eve stretched languorously, propped herself on one lovely elbow by my side.

"Det's lake ba goo dlnute dake," she murmured.

"?" I facially expressed.

She smiled, placed her lovely right hand over my heart. Then took my right hand and placed it under her perfect left breast.

After she'd repeated this a half-dozen times, I caught her meaning. Since we lacked a mutually understood symbol for time, she was using the human heart beat. After she saw I understood, she held up both hands, fingers extended, kept on folding and unfolding her fingers.

How clever, I mused, as I counted the number of fingers she had held up, then compared same with the average human heart beat—and came up with two minutes. Evidently she was suggesting we take a two minute break before the next bout of sex.

I nodded, followed her back out into the main cave. Where I looked around again with renewed interest. Her tribe—the pitifully few who constituted what I recognized to be a completely distinct human species—were busy as beautiful beavers.

I looked at the adjoining wall and gasped. It was covered with magnificently erotic paintings! Not since the last time I'd been in a Playboy Club had I seen so many luscious female portraits on a wall...

And the paintings (done with crude animal and vegetable and mineral colors) weren't just erotic—they were also of astonishingly high artistic value.

Even as I watched a shapely cave girl (Homo perfectus) picked up a crude brush with fur fibers at the tip, and began to dash off a painting Van Gogh would have cut off his other ear to have been able to paint. And it took her only a minute to paint it...

Then, evidently tiring of the style she'd been using, the nameless artist of the dawn quickly painted a cave painting in the style of Renoir, then a primitive (but perfect) Matisse, a primeval Rembrandt and an op art masterpiece...

Then, yawning, the pulchritudinous painter rolled on her back and, after attaching her brush to a twenty foot pole, began to paint a mural on the ceiling such as any Sistine Chapel would have been proud to own...

Amazing...

A few yards further down a caveman, who looked a bit like a brown-skinned Rock Hudson, was thoughtfully fitting together lengths of hollow bamboo. Indoor plumbing was being invented before my eyes!

I turned and almost tripped over a luscious cave girl who was tinkering, stone axe, in hand with what I realized at once was a primitive cart. And frowning as she tinkered.

I saw at once why: she'd invented the axle just

fine, but her wheels were square. Naturally the cart didn't roll right.

Smiling, I walked over, picked up my (or more correctly, Sir Ajax's) sword, walked back, used the point of the sword to draw a circle around one of her square wheels.

The primeval but devastatingly pretty planner squealed with delight and understanding, and immediately began to round off her square wheels with her stone axe.

Minutes later—her cart rolled proudly across the floor of the cave!

Thanks to Trevor Anderson, better known as 000g, the wheel had been invented at least five—well, maybe three or four—minutes before it would otherwise have been!

While I rested, literally and figuratively, on my sword, another cave girl dashed up, dropped to her shapely knees the better to examine my (or rather, Sir Ajax's) sword.

She reached out a shapely finger, touched it, squealed with pain as the sharp edge cut her finger. Then, gasping with scientific curiosity, she bent and tasted the blade with her tongue.

"Gureka!" she cried, and dashed away to start flinging reddish ore and coal into an earthenware pot, beneath which she began piling wood and charcoal.

Incredible! After but one look at and taste test of a steel sword, she had extrapolated backward to invent the first (for her species) crude iron smelter!

In the space of thirty seconds Homo perfectus had leap-frogged from the stone to the iron age!

What astonishingly intelligent humans, I mused...

And even as I mused, a serious-looking cave boy—who had been squatting staring at steam steaming from a pot of primeval stew suddenly clapped his hand to

his head and dashed to a chunk of natural black slate, on which he began to sketch with a piece of natural chalk.

I spared a moment to glance at what he was sketching. A primitive steam engine!

And even as I glanced, he worked out the best arrangements of sliding valves and piston/flywheel combination.

Astonishing...

His steam engine could not be constructed, of course, until a metallurgy industry came into being—but the cave girl a few yards away was already pouring her first iron ingots...

Meanwhile the precocious cave lad, after a glance at a pot of crude petroleum, was beginning to sketch out the first (for his species) internal combustion engine...

And hardly had he finished sketching but a cuddlesome cave girl ran up, studied his drawing for a moment, nodded and then began to sketch a crude powered boat. And after that a crude automobile and a crude airplane—first with flapping wings but then, after the lovely cave girl had considered the matter for a few seconds, with crude fixed wings and a crude propeller.

Truly fantastic!

Eve's tribe of superior human beings was whizzing through the Renaissance and the Industrial Revolution in one afternoon...

And even as I gasped, a tiny—but already ripely curried—little girl stopped sucking her shapely thumb and began to draw on the sand, with childish but talented fingers, the outline of a rocket engine...

At this rate, I mused, Homo perfectus will be in orbit within a matter of months, and on their way to Mars by the end of the year...

No doubt about it, these beautiful people were perfectly capable of... I broke off musing as a tiny child clutching a crude toy printing press dashed by me to jabber at a handsome young lad who was evidently her father. I realized at once what the child wanted—having just invented the printing press, she naturally wanted her father to invent the alphabet, so she would have something to print...

Remarkable...

What a talented species!

At this rate, this peaceful, friendly, intelligent race of human beings would soon dominate the entire Earth. Fifty million years ahead of Homo sapiens.

No painful, misery-wracked struggle for survival for them. No millenia of semi-apehood, no ages of subjugated serfhood, no centuries of poverty—they were all set to zoom into the space age, the age of automation and plenty for all.

And they were just the right color, too—rich brown.

Years ago, I'd read the considered opinion of the most educated and enlightened anthropologists. And their opinion had been that, despite the best efforts of the world's segregationists—of all races—within a thousand years (of 1967) the human race would be a uniform rich brown—the inevitable result of mixing white, yellow, white and red in the prevailing proportions.

But Homo perfectus, almost as if anticipating later divergences—and then convergences—of human beings, were already of just the right skin shade. Not so dark as to feel uncomfortable in the far North, but not so light as to suffer beneath the tropic sun.

In short, by accident, Homo perfectus had perfected the ideal average human flesh color—sun-tanned brown...

How exciting!

I, Trevor Anderson, was witnessing the birth of the best in the human race! Soon these few members of Homo perfectus would rule the Earth, and then the planets and the stars...

Then I frowned.

How could that be? Like—if a perfect human species took over the earth fifty million years before I'd been born...

But before I could formulate my thoughts—

A scream rang out!

A scream picked up by every female (and many male) members of the tiny Homo perfectus tribe!

For, down across the entrance to the giant cave which served as refuge and research center for the few members of Homo perfectus tumbled crude rope ladder after rope ladder!

And down each rope ladder, snarling and growling horribly, swarmed hundreds upon hundreds of loathsome apes! Ugly, repulsive, loathsome, strong-smelling, white-matted-furred apes!

Looking like deformed bleached baboons—only with bigger teeth—the horrid anthropoids swarmed down the crudely constructed rope ladders.

And each deformed, demented beast was clutching either a pointed stick or a thick club!

Weapons they put to immediate use in clubbing or spearing the startled members of the peace-loving Homo perfectus tribe!

As I watched, horrified, white-furred anthropoid monster after monster succeeded in bashing or spearing passive Homo perfectus after Homo perfectus!

My newly discovered species was getting clobbered! Also wiped out!

"To arms!" I yelled. "Formez vos battions! Give

the dastards heck!"

But, sad to relate, the rich brown-fleshed members of *Homo perfectus* failed to respond to my call to arms. Possibly because they didn't understand English.

At any rate, they knelt smiling in a circle, holding hands and singing what might, just possibly, have been a primeval version of *We Shall Overcome*...

And their primeval song was every bit as effective as a Negro spiritual pitted against white robed Ku Klux Klanners intent on killing unarmed Negro children...

Which is another way of saying that *Homo perfectus* got clobbered. Also bludgeoned and speared and massacred...

As white-furred ape after ape leaped into combat, swinging a club or wielding a sharp-pointed stick...

And, leading the monstrous mob I spied—KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine!

"K.K.K.K!" I gasped. "How could even you be so monstrous! *Sans doute* you and you alone are responsible for this horrid attack! You, and you alone could have constructed crude rope ladders for these obviously depraved white-furred apes! Only you could have given them sharp-pointed sticks to use as spears, fashioned knobbed sticks for them to use as clubs!"

"I did that, all right," cackled KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine. "But as should be obvious only for my own good. Also, inadvertently, your own good!"

"Huh?" I gasped.

"Don't act dumb!" snarled Katherine. "So you discovered a race of superior human beings. Creeps who, fifty million years ahead of time, might have created a paradise on Earth, tamed the dinosaurs and soared to the stars..."

"Exactly!" I cried, slashing at attacking white-furred anthropoid monsters with my swinging singing

sword.

"Well, I don't aim to have that happen," purred Katherine. "Kill them all, my savage apes!"

"But that's beastly of you!" I fumed, hacking away at the horribly snarling apes. "It's contrary to the rules of evolution, too. Haven't you heard of the survival of the fittest? *Homo perfectus*, Anderson, is obviously a fitter species than these atrocious anthropoids!"

"So," sneered Katherine, "what? That rule about the fittest surviving is fine, unless you happen to be less fit yourself. In which case it's Kill the Good Guys!"

"No, no!" I raged, laying about me with my sword though not, alas, with much effect—there were just too many of the white shaggy apes; it was all I could do to defend myself, let alone save Eve's tribe from being wiped out.

"It's a shame all these beautiful, talented people have to be exterminated like vermin," mused Katherine. "But you must see I have no choice. If I don't see to it that *Homo perfectus* becomes extinct pronto, the course of human evolution will be changed. *Homo sapiens* will never evolve. Which means my ancestors and your ancestors will never exist. Hence when we flash back to our time we'll vanish. Like we'd never been."

I considered her words while hacking and jabbing at snarling ape after attacking ape. No doubt she was right. When we snapped back to Sarawak and the year 1967, we'd find a futuristic world shaped by fifty million years of super-human cultivation. Only we wouldn't be around to see it, on account of our species would never have evolved...

Even so, if I could, I would have saved Eve's tribe, even though it meant I'd soon cease to exist. At least I think I would.

I never had the chance, though. Katherine's savage beasts outnumbered Eve's tribe twenty to one, and they'd had the advantage of surprise...

Now only two or three *Homo perfectus* were still alive, and seconds later only one—Eve. Bravely defending herself with a stick and makeshift shield, she backed toward me. And then, realizing that she was doomed, she dropped her shield and stick and flung her arms around me. The brave girl wanted to die in my embrace...

"Leggo, you stupid broad!" I yelled. "I have a chance! If I can just defend myself a few minutes more against these charging apes, and duck the stone axes KRUNCH Colonel Katherine is hurling at my head! I may be snapped back to—"

ZAP!

In a flash of blue light I snapped back to the Time Funnel in Clarksville, Sarawak. To find myself clutching a cave girl!

Eve!

But of course... She'd been embracing me so tight that she'd been caught up in the same time warp. The Time Funnel had brought her back just the way it had brought back the baby pterydactyl...

As before, I was unable to do more than move my lips and glare at Katherine, who was sprawled a few feet away, a stone axe in her hand.

"I almost got you that time," muttered Katherine. "And as soon as I can move my muscles, I'll get you this time! Also that cave cutie you brought back as a souvenir. You'd have been wiser to, heh, heh, hold on to your sword instead."

I frowned. She was right. I'd lost my sword. Now she had the edge on me—she had a weapon and I didn't.

Meanwhile Eve was looking about her with interest. Suddenly her eyes flared with surprise.

"Goscar!" she cried. "Dow gid bou fet mere?"

"Well I'll be darned," I chuckled. "That baby pterydactyl you captured earlier must have been this girl's pet. And, obviously, his name isn't Oscar but Goscar."

"Bah!" sneered Katherine. And then an evil grin lit her face. "I'm regaining the use of my limbs!" she chortled, as she climbed to her feet.

As did I.

I tensed to spring—too late! Katherine was already drawing back her throwing arm to hurl the stone axe. And at that range she couldn't possibly miss.

I was doomed!

No! For, like a bolt of brown lightning, Eve had flung herself at Katherine. Understandably, too, seeing as how Katherine had just wiped out her entire tribe.

Whirling to meet the unexpected attack, Katherine missed her aim, and the stone axe clanged harmlessly against—

(What else?)

—the control knob on the Time Funnel chair, resulting in—

ZAP!

This, I morosed to myself as I again found myself whirling through the fourth dimension, is getting monotonous...

CHAPTER/8

AND AS I WHIRLED, NAKED, WITH EVE THE CAVE Girl whirling nakedly by my side through the fourth dimension I felt angry, depressed and cheered—in that order.

Angry at being shoved through time again against my will, depressed at the memory of having watched Homo perfectus get extincted thanks to KRUNCH, but a little cheered that at least Eve the Cave Girl had escaped.

Right now, fifty or a hundred million years in the past, the horrid white anthropoid apes were doubtless dancing brutally around, hacking at the already mutilated bodies of Homo perfectus, smashing the first cart, the first printing press, the first indoor plumbing—gleefully setting civilization back tens of millions of years...

Then, primitive brutes that they were, they'd forget the whole scene, lurch on their bestial way to resume their journey along the ladder of evolution—downward, of course.

Leaving a shambles behind them in the cave.
And the cave itself?

Most likely it would fill up with sand and bird droppings in the space of a few hundred thousand years. While the bones of Homo perfectus turned to dust.

Only the cave paintings would remain to be discovered perhaps tens of millions of years later. By primitive people who would, doubtless, come to the almost correct conclusion that way back in history a kind of Eden had existed on Earth...

THE SIN FUNNEL

95

Since both males and females of the Homo perfectus species tended to look quite a bit alike—that is, the males looked like other males and the females like other females—doubtless the discoverers of the murals would assume that they depicted the same man and the same girl.

And concoct a legend of a happy place inhabited by a boy and a girl. The impressionistic sketches of dinosaurs would be taken for paintings of a snake. And the rusted remains of my (or more correctly Sir Ajax's) sword—why, they'd most likely assume the sword had been used to drive the aforementioned boy and girl out of their paradise...

But enough of archeological musings, I told myself sternly. You must be ready to face the horrors of whatever era you and Eve the Cave Girl land in this time.

And even as I was telling myself this, sternly, I—
SPLASH!

—found myself floundering in a huge marble swimming pool. With Eve the Cave Girl floundering alongside of me.

I gasped, looked around while treading water. What a palace! The pool that I (and Eve the Cave Girl) had plunged into was set in a huge courtyard surrounded by huge columns, gleaming white stone buildings. A few stately palms were growing in the courtyard, likewise lots of tropical flowers. Also tropical vines, winding floriferously around trellises made of elephant tusks... Around and about which strutted peacocks, and an ape or two...

Most curious...

Then I whirled, still treading water, as I heard the shuffle of sandals—and up shuffled a regal-looking man with a flowing white beard, dressed in flowing purple and gold robes and with a primitive crown on

his head.

He stood by the side of the huge marble swimming pool and shook his regal fists at us.

Hmmm...

A big shot of some kind, obviously. Most likely a king, judging by his primitive (but solid gold and diamond encrusted) crown.

Who could he be?

Logic, I decided; use logic, 0008. You're in the past, that's for sure. Also in Africa, judging by the elephant tusks; for I'd noted at once that the elephant tusks were too large to have come from Indian elephants.

So where were we? Egypt?

I tried some ancient Egyptian on the outraged king.

He looked blank. Sanskrit, maybe.

"Uh, how do, friend," I said in Sanskrit. "Sorry to drop in on you this way but—"

"This is an outrage!" fumed the white-bearded king, in Sanskrit. "I try to be a democratic monarch, Heaven knows—but..but—but this is infamous! How dare you and your curvaceous concubine go for a swim in my pet's pool!"

Pet, I frowned, 's pool?

I looked over my shoulder. Great Scott, he was right! Splashing around in the pool a few yards away was a dolphin! No, not a dolphin—merely a huge harbor seal. A great big seal...

Of course! The oversize cetacean must be none other than the legendary Great Seal of Solomon!

"Uh, your name is King Solomon?" I asked nervously.

"As if you didn't know!" fumed the monarch of that name. "And much though I dislike violence, I'm afraid I must have you both executed on the spot. Excuse me while I shuffle over and bong yon gong, to summon

the guards..."

"Oh, no you don't, your majesty!" I snapped, climbing speedily out of the pool, sprinting after him and, respectfully, judo chopping him on the back of the neck.

"Sorry I had to do that, your majesty," I apologized as I lowered his unconscious body to the marble courtyard, with an assist from Eve the Cave Girl who, though she didn't speak Sanskrit, had instantly grasped what was going on.

Together we dragged King Solomon's unconscious body into a grove of gaudy melon flowers, quickly tore strips from his robe to bind and gag him.

"Well, that's that," I gasped, when we had him safely bound, gagged and hidden from sight. "Now all we have to do is lie low for an hour and—"

I broke off as I heard voices approaching.

"Tis time his majesty got ready to receive his regal visitor," said one voice, in Sanskrit. "The old boy must be around here some place—most likely playing with his Great Seal..."

I froze in horror. What to do?

There was, I realized, only one thing to do—so I did it.

Rapidly I raced to a marble shelf, loaded with jars. I scanned the Sanskrit labels. Myrrh. Frankincense. Just what I needed! While used normally for making incense—and in the case of myrrh, perfume as well—both were and are, of course, gum resins.

I smeared some of both on my chin, rushed back to the unconscious King Solomon, unsheathed his dagger, hacked off his white beard, stuck some to my chin.

Then I rose, regally, just as—

A troupe of courtiers tramped into the courtyard.

"Ah, there you are, your majesty!" beamed a chubby vizier type. "Naughty, naughty! Off playing with your

Great Seal and seductively stacked slave girls, eh? Of which this brown-fleshed beauty is sure worth playing with," he added, leering at Eve the Cave Girl's fabulous frontage. And backage.

"Um, uh, yes," I mumbled, hastily adjusting my (or more correctly King Solomon's) beard.

"Allow me to help you into your special robes," said the vizier type, clapping his hands. A Nubian slave trotted up carrying an even more fancy purple and gold robe.

And what a Nubian slave!

An erotic ebony sexpot with burnished black-buffed breasts and midnight haunches...

"Gis dis gall dery bonfusing..." frowned Eve the Cave Girl.

"A new caught slave girl, eh?" winked the vizier. "Hasn't even had time to learn Sanskrit. You sure know how to pick 'em, your majesty..."

He clapped his hands again, and the Nubian slave stuck a flower in Eve the Cave Girl's hair.

Evidently concubines and slave girls were nothing else around King Solomon's court. Which showed plenty of wisdom on his part, I decided.

"This way, your majesty," continued the vizier. "Her barge is already rowing up the Royal Canal."

"Who's barge?" I gasped. "Cleopatra's?"

"Who?" frowned the vizier. "Oh, I get it—you're being funny. Always making with the wise cracks, that's my wise king! I'm referring, of course, to the Queen of Sheba who, as I hope you remember, is paying a state visit."

"Oh yes," I said. "Yes, of course..."

"Are you feeling all right, your majesty?" asked the vizier. "You look a little pale..."

"I'm just fine," I said. "Uh, lead the way." And the vizier did just that. With Eve the Cave Girl

trotting at my regal heels, I followed him through the courtyard to a marble reviewing stand. Cheers from a crowd of thousands arose as they saw me.

Nodding democratically, I took my seat on King Solomon's gold throne. In front of me stretched a scene worthy of Twentieth Century Fox: Thousands of extras—I mean loyal subjects—crowded twin grandstands, between which was a huge, marble-lined canal.

And up the canal and toward me was moving a huge royal barge. As fancy a royal barge as any ever imagined by the late Cecil B. DeMille. Gold poop deck, ruby-studded forecastle, diamond-encrusted oars—the whole lavish bit...

And seated languidly and nearly naked on a throne of her own was the Queen of Sheba...

And what a Queen!

Black-eyed, black-haired, black-fleshed—for the Queen of Sheba was an African monarch, of course. Is an African monarch, I corrected myself—for she was sure alive right then.

Wow!

What brazen breasts, teasingly set off by pendant rubies. What fabulous thighs, bare and beautiful. What a jeweled loin cloth...

Meanwhile the stately barge had slid to a halt in front of my throne as gently as the Staten Island Ferry nosing into its berth.

THUNK!

Slaves, slave girls, palm fan waving boys, dignitaries, dancing girls, musicians, rowers—even the Queen of Sheba fell sprawling as the barge slammed to a halt.

"Goddamn, son of a bitch!" raged the Queen of Sheba, struggling to her feet and readjusting her jeweled loin cloth as a slave girl in waiting hurriedly clapped her crown back on, "I told you and told you we needed

more rehearsal time!"

Then, adjusting her features into an expression of noble composure again, she strode majestically along the barge and then across a golden gangplank.

Cheers arose as she set her dainty feet on the soil of Solomon.

"Hail, noble King!" she began, glancing now and again at a parchment prompt sheet a slave girl was holding up for her, "I the mighty Queen of Sheba—"

"Excuse me, lady," interrupted a clerk-like little man who had scuttled up the moment she'd set foot on my—or more correctly King Solomon's—soil, "but there are just a few formalities. I'm from King's Customs. Do you have anything to declare? Tobacco, fermented spirits, foreign currency? Any infectious diseases aboard your barge? Are you now or have you ever been a member of any organization advocating the overthrow of King Solomon?"

"No, to all your questions," snapped the Queen of Sheba. "Here's my passport."

"Oh dear," sighed the man from Customs. "I fear you neglected to apply for a visa. Or are you here as a tourist?"

I rose to my feet. "Away, wretch!" I commanded. "We will waive formalities in this particular case. Welcome, Queen!"

"Thanks a heap," snarled the Queen of Sheba, evidently nettled by the formalities of landing—but then, who isn't?

I strode democratically to meet her. Grabbed her startled hand, shook it. Then grabbed her ripe if regal form and kissed her passionately on her bee-stung lips.

Wild cheers arose.

"All hail to our wise King Solomon!" a claque shouted. "He has invented two new customs! From now on, the gripping of hands and the mashing together of

lips will signify greeting!"

"Wow!" gasped the Queen of Sheba some minutes later, as I broke the burning bliss of our kiss, "and they told me you were old and gray..."

"Subversive propaganda," I chuckled, pinching her playfully on her regal rump.

"Obviously," she gasped. "But on with the official if tedious ceremonies. I have brought you, O Noble King, as a slight token of my affection, a double dozen dancing girls, sixty seductive slave girls, seventy sexy servants, ninety nubile nymphs, forty fervent females, ten torrid teen-age temptresses and a peacock in a pear tree. Also gold, silver, rubies, emeralds, diamonds and other assorted goodies."

"I thank you," I said. "And, uh, my people thank you, my country thanks you and, uh, my Great Seal thanks you."

"I brought some fish for him," murmured the Queen of Sheba. "Also six sexy she seals. Uh, what's next on the official program?"

What?

I looked around for the vizier, crooked a finger at him.

He trotted up. "I dare say your senile—I mean gracious majesty has forgotten what's next on the official program. Well, the Queen here reads a long speech about the need to improve relations between her country and yours. Then you read an even longer speech detailing the State of the Kingdom, the gross national product, the many opportunities for foreign capital investment, the steps being taken to improve tourist facilities and so forth.

"After that you take her majesty on a tour of carpet factories, ivory-carving shops, goldsmitheries, arrrrh and frankincense packing houses, peacock farms and—"

"Later for that nonsense," I snapped—thereby winning a grateful smile from the Queen of Sheba. "What's skedded for the end of the day?"

"You and the Queen retire to hold private conversations."

"Well, let's do that first," I suggested. "We can tour the factories and schools tomorrow. If we feel like it. Maybe."

"Why, anything your majesty says!" choked the vizier. "This way..."

And we followed him up the marble steps, through marble corridors with a guard at every door, past vaults of silver that my loyal workers had sweated for until we reached a cozy chamber scarcely larger than the new Metropolitan Opera House.

By "we" I mean me, the Queen, the vizier, Eve the Cave Girl and hundreds and hundreds of seductive slave girls, curvy concubines, maidenly musicians, etc., etc.

"Thanks for the escort, fellows and girls," I said. "But I want to huddle with this heavenly head of state in private. Begone, please!"

"But your majesty!" cried the vizier. "You never huddle or cuddle with voluptuous VIP's without scores of your loyal subjects on hand to approve and applaud!"

"Well, I'm starting a new custom," I snapped. "Get lost!"

And, bowing and scraping, they all backed out. All save Eve the Cave Girl, that is, who had to be dragged out—the jealous if joy-packed wench...

"Alone at last," I leered, sinking down into a soft pile of cushions and pulling the passionate potestate with me.

"Aren't you the wise and informal old goat..." she purred, snuggling seductively against me while I deftly removed her ruby pasties and jeweled loin cloth.

"They sayest, in my kingdom—I mean queendom—that thou art plenty wise. A real scholar king. Rumor has it that not many months ago a wise man from Hindustan journeyed thousands of miles to jot down your ideas about you-know-what. Which he has now published in book form under the title *The Karma Sutra*, whatever that means..."

"Fancy," I mused. "I mean, yes, that's right. I mean, if a fellow wants to be a wise king, the first thing to get wise about is sex, obviously. Care for a little cultural exchange, Sheba baby?"

"Don't you know it," she husked, pulling off my regal robes and then flinging herself passionately at me.

As I flung myself at her.

Wow! Me, 0008, actually getting a chance to sex up the Queen of Sheba!

And vice, chuckle, chuckle, versa...

Rapturously we rolled on the cushions, her satiny black skin seeming to burn beneath my tingling fingers as I stroked the silken splendor of her brazen breasts, her thrill-packed thighs, her lush buttocks and fabulously flat belly...

As her hands glided like midnight black butterflies over my glowing body, as her soft crimson lips browsed the passionate pastures of my flesh, as her supple limbs gripped me in embraces too exotic and erotic to imagine...

Frantically, fervently, frenziedly we embraced and rapture-wrestled and carnally contested—our loins afire with longing, our lips bruised from kissing, our tongues tired from tonguing...

Ardently, actively, amorously we lunged and plunged on the pillows; and then, with an ecstatic sigh on her part, a virile grunt on mine, a yielding scissoring apart of her beautiful thighs and legs, a forward

thrusting lunge on my part—

We linked, and locked, and had at each other—thrustingly, slidingly, scorchingly, wondrously...

And it happened, happened pulsingly, jettingly, throbbingly, ecstatically, happened for both of us simultaneously...

After which we rested, pillowed on the pillows and in each other's arms.

"As soon as we get our breath back," murmured the Queen of Sheba, "I'd like to have your personal opinion of a new position taught me by—"

"Er, excuse me, your majesty," interrupted the vizier. "But there's a case you have to decide. You know how you pride yourself on speedy justice."

Before I could tell him what I thought of speedy or even slow justice, people began to pour into the huge if cozy chamber.

"Hear ye, hear ye," chanted the vizier. "The Court of King Solomon is now in session." He turned to me. "This first case is a real toughie," he confided. "Two persons both claiming the same babe. You have to decide which one the babe belongs to."

"Is that so?" I mused. "Well, I dare say I'll think of some clever way of doing just that. Where's the babe?"

"Here, your majesty," said the vizier, signaling two bailiffs who promptly dragged up—KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine!

"I found this wicked wench trying to start a revolution in the slave quarters," explained a bearded man. "Urging the people to arise and kill King Solomon. Or, as she phrased it, that clown in the purple and gold robes. Naturally I socked her one and now I claim her as my concubine."

"No, no! I was the one who captured her, and I claim her as my concubine!" shouted a second bearded char-

acter.

"Well, heh, heh, I've got just the peachy solution," I cackled. "Hand me yon scimitar, please. Since you both claim this babe, the only fair thing to do is, heh, heh, cut her into two pieces."

Chuckling at the wisdom of my decision, I raised the scimitar high just as one bearded lad cracked. "Don't do it!" he urged. "That babe belongs to the other guy! I cannot tell a lie! No need to chop up this beautiful babe, give her to the man who caught her!"

"Shut up!" I snapped. "I'm dealing out justice around here! And what I say goes. Take this, KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine!"

And I swung the scimitar in a slicing arc as—ZAP!

Back we snapped to Sarawak and the confounded Time Funnel...

It all fits, I mused as I whizzed through time on my way to Clarksville, the legend that once, angered by dissension in his court, King Solomon vanished in a puff of smoke—only to be found later in his private quarters. So penitent over having lost his temper that he'd shaved off his beard...

Obviously some legends were based on fact. Also Trevor Anderson, better known as 0008...

Back sprawled on the floor of the Time Funnel I was surprised but pleased to see that, in addition to KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine, Eve the Cave Girl had also snapped back through time.

But that figured, I realized. Like, the first time she'd time traveled, it had been because she was embracing me and my time warp.

But once established in our time, she belonged in our time; hence the Time Funnel could only fling her back for an hour, the way it flung Katherine and me.

"Well, I almost got you then," I sneered at Katherine. "But never fear I'll really get you now, in our time, baby! In our own sweet time!"

"That's what you think!" sneered Katherine.

"I'll fix you good, you horrible hussy!" snarled Eve the Cave Girl, in Sanskrit.

Obviously the brilliant girl had picked up a smattering of that language during the time I'd been dallying with the Queen of Sheba.

Tensely the three of us waited, waited for the temporary paralysis of our limbs to pass.

Things looked, I decided, very promising. All three of us were again naked—for I hadn't bothered to put on my robes for the court session—but, while Katherine (and Eve the Cave Girl) were unarmed, I at least had a scimitar in my hand.

KRUNCH Colonel Katherine didn't stand a chance! Or did she?

By chance, I realized, she was lying sprawled near the door leading out of the Time Funnel. If she could dash out before I could scimitar her—dash out and slam the door behind her...

Horrors!

Most likely she had dual controls. Could and would send Eve the Cave Girl and me spinning back through time again. And when we snapped back, to lie sprawled and helpless, she could riddle us with a sub-machine gun...

I studied the situation more carefully. No. I hadn't a hope of reaching her before she reached the Time Funnel's door.

There was, in fact, only one thing I could do...

The instant our strength returned, Katherine hurled herself toward the door, Eve the Cave Girl hurled herself toward Katherine while I hurled myself at what I knew to be our only chance—the control

chair of the Time Funnel.

And, just as Katherine reached the door and started to tug it open, I grabbed the control knob and twisted it...

ZAP!

We were off again...

SQUELCH!

Again I found myself sprawled in a muddy pool. But where? All I could tell right off was that it was night. And I could smell sagebrush.

"Stop wallowing in that stream!" snapped an angry voice in the Mimbreno Apache dialect. "You want the palefaces to hear us?"

Gulp!

Gingerly I crawled out of the stream, looked around. I was in an Indian war camp. Surrounded by the shadowy shapes of Apache warriors!

(Thank Satan for the crash course in dialects of the Western and Plains Indians I'd taken...)

"Sorry," I said. "I, uh, slipped."

"Well, try and be more careful!" snapped the angry voice. "Come to think of it, your accent sounds funny! Are you a Mimbreno Apache?"

What to say?

While I speak the Mimbreno Apache dialect pretty well, I knew I didn't speak it fluently. I decided to take a long chance.

"Uh, no," I said. "The fact is, I'm an, uh, a Yaqui Indian from down Mexico way. South of the Border and all that. I'm here as a military adviser. I'm in the Indian War Corps."

"Oh," said the now not so angry voice. "Welcome, Yaqui cousin. Ordinarily I'd say Yaqui go home, but right now we need every brave we can muster. Seeing as you arrived late, I'll explain the situation. Camped with their wicked wagons in a circle over yon hill

in yon valley are a bunch of treacherous palefaces. Their wagons loaded with whiskey and rifles. Which they took our money for, but now refuse to deliver. The rotten crooks!"

I nodded soberly. Many wicked whites had played just such a crooked con game. Selling the same guns over and over and failing to deliver same.

"What's our—I mean your plan?" I asked.

"A messy massacre!" gloated the character who was evidently the leader of the war party. "Cochise, the fool, is trying to cool things. But I, Geronimo, say we can't trust the palefaces!"

I nodded again. History had sure proved Geronimo right. And Cochise dead.

"Now, those palefaces think they're safe because we Indians aren't supposed to attack at night. For fear of our spirits not finding their way to the Happy Hunting Ground and all that superstitious nonsense. I, however, say that the Happy Hunting Ground is dead! So what do we have to lose by attacking at night?"

"Not a thing," I agreed. "And plenty to gain," I added. "Like we'll take the palefaces by surprise."

"Exactly," crowed Geronimo. "We'll—hushi! Who's that sneaking into our camp? A spy!"

I whirled.

"That's no spy," I gasped, "that's, uh, my squaw. Eve the Cave Girl. That is, the palefaces call her that. I call her—well, come to think of it I call her that too."

"Ugh," said Geronimo. "A common enough practice these days. My own name, Geronimo, was given me by the Spaniards. Times I can hardly remember my real name."

"Given or taken names can be catching," I agreed. "Who remembers Stalin's real name now, for

example?"

"Who he?" grunted Geronimo.

"A crazy man," I said. "A distant cousin of Crazy Horse."

Meanwhile Eve the Cave Girl had crawled loyally up to crouch by my side. She spotted a bow and arrow, picked them up, studied them, instantly devised their purpose, raised same, aimed and shot a bat out of the night sky with her first arrow.

"Plenty good shot, your squaw," grunted Geronimo. "Okay, as the palefaces say, she can join our war party. Ordinarily I don't hold with women warriors. But right now we can use all the arrow power we can get. Now, when I yell—what's that?"

What indeed! It sounded like lewd cheers and lascivious jeers from what could only be the circle of wagons beyond the hill!

A brave crawled rapidly down the hill to report.

"Oh the horror of it all!" he gasped, wringing his wrists, "I, Gay Feather, must report that those wicked white men are ravishing one of our girls—a naked copper-skinned cutie!"

"That's no Indian maid," I assured him. "That's a sun-tanned paleface chick. And if any chick needed massacring, she's it. Let's go, Geronimo!"

And, after first vaulting aboard our Indian ponies, away we went, charging up and over and then down the hill, howling horribly.

A horse pulled along side of me. Eve the Cave Girl! Clever chick—although, of course, she'd never ridden—or even seen a horse before (since horses hadn't evolved when she was born) she must have realized instantly what horses were for. And then followed my example. A real fast-learning female...

Meanwhile we raced down the hill, whooping and howling, charging the unsuspecting circle of wagons

below.

If I were bossing this operation, I mused, I'd knock off the whooping and yelling. Like why tip the enemy off that we're coming?

Which was sure enough just what we'd done. The evil paleface gunrunners and whisky salesmen stopped gang-banging Katherine who must have materialized among them, in a blue flash, like a gift from the gods—stark naked, too—and raced for their wagons. Also their guns.

And all we brave Mimbreno Apaches (and helpers) had were bows and arrows.

Still howling and whooping, I followed the howling and whooping braves as, led by Geronimo, they formed a circle around the wagons.

That's another dumb tactic, I reflected—forming a circle around the wagon train. That makes us Indian braves sitting ducks. The smart thing to have done would have been to make a massed charge at the circle of wagons. Vault our horses over the tongue of one of the wagons, get inside the circle and take the paleface from behind. Also at close quarters, where our bows and arrows and tomahawks would be a fair match for the paleface rifles.

But it wasn't my show. So I continued to race around and around the circle of wagons, now and then loosing an arrow with deadly effect, naturally, since I'm an expert shot with any kind of weapon.

Likewise Eve the Cave Girl. You'd have thought she'd been born aboard a horse, so quickly did she master the art of riding a plunging pony bareback at night over rough ground while aiming and firing arrow after arrow—also with deadly effect.

Hot damn! Although the paleface rifles were speaking with deadly effect, we were nevertheless wiping them out! True, we were losing two or three braves

to every one of them, but then, the advantage is always with the defenders. And they had vastly superior firepower.

"We're winning!" shouted Geronimo. "Soon their rifles and whiskey will be ours!"

"Dibs on first scalping and then horribly finishing off the paleface squaw!" I begged. "I—oops!"

And well might I cry oops! For some cad of a paleface had just shot my pony out from under me!

I tumbled end over end on the hard ground, picked myself up, half stunned, looked up to see a snarling, grizzled paleface taking aim at me.

"Ah'm a gonna shoot that thar helpless Injun in the abdomen," he cackled, "or mah name ain't Injun-killer Anderson!"

I gasped. Injun-killer Anderson! My own bestial if brave great-great-grand-father! What, I wondered, as I raised my bow and arrow and he raised his rifle, to do?

If I didn't get him quick he'd get me. On the other hand, if I sent an arrow through his brave if bestial heart how could he father my great-grandfather? And how would I manage to bet born?

Problems, problems, I reflected, as I drew back on my bow and he took up the slack on his trigger, just as—

SWISH!

An arrow swished by!

No, only Gay Feather swishing by on his mincing pinto pony. No doubt he—

SWISH!

This time it was an arrow swishing by! Fired by Eve the Cave Girl who, as she dashed past, shot me a kindly, encouraging, understanding look.

And, as I saw the trajectory the arrow was following, I realized that Eve the Cave Girl wasn't just a

smart girl and a crack shot with a bow and arrow, but a girl who was all heart...

For she must have seen the look of hesitation that had crossed my face when I raised my bow and arrow to do in my great-great-grandfather; realized that, for some reason she couldn't surmise but was willing to accept, I had been reluctant to kill him dead.

So she'd fired her arrow to—

THWONK!

—streak right into the muzzle of his rifle!

Unfortunately just as he pulled the trigger, resulting in—

BLAM!

The rifle exploding in his face and blowing his brave if bestial head off...

But that didn't really matter, I suddenly realized as I grabbed a riderless pony cantering by and sprang astride it. For I had just remembered having learned as a child that my brave if bestial great-great-grandfather, Injun-killer Anderson, had deserted his family before going out West, where he'd been wiped out by Indians.

Thus cheered, I resumed cantering around the circle of wagons, aiming deadly arrow after arrow at KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine, who, ignoring the other Indians, was doing her best to shoot either me, or Eve the Cave Girl, or both.

While bullets and arrows whizzed in all directions until Geronimo cried: "We've won! We've wiped them all out—all, that is, save for the paleface squaw with copper-red hair, copper-gold flesh and jade green eyes, who, her rifle apparently jammed, is running for her voluptuous life!"

He's sure long-winded, I reflected; though of course, in the terse Mimbreno Apache dialect, his remarks only took a few words.

True remarks, too—KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine was indeed dashing nakedly for her life.

Grimacing triumphantly, I turned my horse in pursuit and was joined a moment later by Eve the Cave Girl.

Together we galloped in pursuit, I stringing an arrow to my bow, Eve brandishing a tomahawk which was no doubt similar enough to the stone axes of her tribe so that she could use it to deadly effect.

Smiling I aimed my arrow just as, grinning at the thought of revenging her tribe, Eve drew back her right arm to hurl her tomahawk, just as—

TA-RATATA-TARATATATA-TARATATATA!

The confounded U. S. Cavalry came thundering out of the dawn and over the hillside!

"Back, you blue-coated busybodies!" I snarled. "This is a private war—also, although you may find it hard to believe, I'm more or less on official U.S. Government business!"

But they didn't hear me. And most likely wouldn't have listened if they had heard me.

"Charge!" cried a pink-cheeked lieutenant. "Even though I'm a greenhorn just graduated from West Point and not wise in the ways of the West, in fact hardly dry behind the ears militarily speaking, I'm willing to lead Q Troop into battle!"

"Charge!" cried a white-haired sergeant. "Even though I nurse a grudge of sorts against this man's army, as well I might, seeing as how I once held the rank of General in the Confederate Army but now am prohibited by Act of Congress from holding a commission, and hence have to take orders from punk kids like that lieutenant of Q Troop, who little suspects that I am actually his father, separated by the accident of Civil War and kept apart by my own stubborn pride and my unwillingness to see his military

career damaged, as well might be the case if it came out that he was the son—and illegitimate son at that—of a former Rebel...where was I? Oh, yes—even so, charge!

"Charge!" cried a dashing captain. "Even though I'm desperately in love with a half-breed Apache girl who vowed never to speak, let alone sleep with me again if I fought her people, I must be true to my military code. Hence I urge you men to follow me as I charge!"

"Charge!" cried a white-maned general. "Even though I know the whispers are true—that I'm too old to hold command, that my senile mistakes have cost the lives of dozens of good men—my men—in battle, even though I know, in fact especially because I know that when I return to camp I will face court martial and disgrace for embezzling mess funds, though in all truth I am merely taking the blame for the Colonel, whose reputation I wouldn't care one whit about were he not married to the one woman in my life—so into the face of death let's charge!"

"Charge!" yelled a burly major. "I'll show you that I'm not the yellow coward you've branded me to be—that I only ran away from the enemy last month because I'm short-sighted and lost my glasses—but because of that cruel trick of fate I'm branded, branded as a coward until such time as I manage to get myself killed heroically in action. Like now—so charge!"

That was the big trouble with the U.S. Cavalry during the winning and near losing of the West, I mused. All the officers and sergeants were problem-ridden...

Meanwhile down the hill charged the vallant sergeant, lieutenant, captain, major and general. The enlisted men behind them, wisely, took their time about joining them—tightening their cinching straps,

adjusting their saddles, cleaning their rifles, etc.

They'd charge too, in a minute, but, being sensible men and not wracked by neurotic problems, they wanted to see just what they were charging into.

"Help, help!" cried Katherine, dashing toward the advancing cavalry. "Save my tender hide from the savage redskins behind me!"

"Get her quick!" I yelled at Eve, hoping she'd get the sense if not the precise meaning of my words, "before they get us!"

And even as I spoke bullets began whistling around my head and then—

PHOOM!

—one creased my skull, sending me spinning, spinning, falling, falling...

Where...?

CHAPTER/9

I WOKE TO FIND EVE THE CAVE GIRL BENDING over me. I groaned, sat up, shook my head—which was a real mistake. Like my head hurt.

I looked at Eve. She was still naked, though clutching a tomahawk. I looked down at myself. I was naked too. And clutching nothing, except my head.

Where was I? What had happened?

Sensing my confusion, Eve began to sketch rapidly on the ground, using the handle of her tomahawk.

First she sketched two female figures and one male figure lying sprawled inside a kind of cage—the Time Funnel, no doubt.

Then she sketched the two female figures engaged in bitter hand-to-hand combat—one swinging a jammed rifle, the other a tomahawk.

Of course, I could imagine the whole thing. Creased by a bullet, I'd been unconscious when I'd zapped back to the Time Funnel. Unconscious while the two girls had fought over me—Eve to save me, Katherine to kill me.

Finally Eve sketched a drawing of Katherine reeling back to avoid a tomahawk blow, with the butt of her rifle striking (naturally) the control knob of the Time Funnel...

"I understand," I said. "What a pity I wasn't conscious during that struggle. I could have fouled Katherine from behind while you finished her with your tomahawk. What a pity, for that matter, that I haven't had time to teach you English..."

"Hush," said Eve. "There's no time for that right

THE SIN FUNNEL

117

now. Besides, just by listening to you and that Katherine woman shout insults at each other—also from having listened to you muttering aloud—I've picked up a smattering of the language you call English."

"Say," I said admiringly, "you are a smart girl, aren't you? What a pity that you and your tribe never had a chance to produce even more brilliant children..."

"My, sob, tribe is dead and lost forever in what you sometimes call the fourth dimension and other times call time," sighed Eve. "But," she added with a seductive murmur, "I dare say I'm reasonably fertile myself..."

"Evel!" I gasped. "Are you suggesting that I father your child out of wedlock?"

"What's wedlock?" asked Eve.

"Never mind," I said quickly. "I only wish all girls didn't know the meaning of the word... But later for my shrewd and witty comments. Right now the question is, I'd say, where are we?"

"Far be it from me to hazard a wild guess," muttered Eve. "but I suspect we're in a rather bad place..."

I blinked, looked around.

Good grief—she was right! We were sprawled on the sand inside the Coliseum of Rome! Which was packed with a capacity crowd!

All of whom were yelling for blood—our blood!

"That man in the white dress," murmured Eve, "do you suppose he's particularly important?"

I looked where she was discreetly pointing. The Emperor Nero!

"The reason I ask," continued Eve, keeping her voice low—though why I couldn't imagine, seeing as how I could hardly hear her over the roars of the

blood-thirsty Roam crowd, "Is that that Katherine woman landed almost on his lap. And is now, as you can see, on his lap. Fondling him shamelessly and whispering in his ear as she points toward us."

I looked harder. She was right!

And naturally, as a KRUNCH Kolonel, Katherine would have a fluent working knowledge of Latin...

Even as I watched, Nero giggled and nodded, turned to bark commands.

"Let us," I urged Eve, "make what tracks we can..."

But even as we struggled to our feet, a door opened beneath where Nero was sitting, and out raced half a dozen angry lions!

To the delight of the depraved crowd, who no doubt attributed the sudden appearance of a naked man and a naked girl, in the middle of the huge arena, as being due to Roman engineering and technical skill, for the Coliseum, of course, had more huge elevators than a brace of modern aircraft carriers.

Meanwhile the lions, roaring horribly, raced toward us.

I looked around for ways to escape.

There weren't any.

There was, obviously, only one thing to do...

And, with Eve helping me, I did it.

"Whew!" I gasped long minutes later, mopping sweat from my brow as I checked to make sure all half-dozen lions were really dead, "that was some workout!"

(How had I—with some help from Eve—managed to kill six enraged lions? Not easily. But, thanks to my thorough SADISTO training and my incredible athletic skill I'd accomplished it nevertheless.)

The first thing to remember, in case any of my readers should ever find themselves pitted against

six angry lions, is that lions almost never attack as a group, at least not until their prey is wounded and down.

They let the first lion to reach the intended victim attack first. And, since I knew quite a bit about lions, I knew which one that would be.

Five of the charging lions had manes, one didn't. So, since male lions are lazy, and always let female lions do the attacking if a female lion is present, I knew the female lion was the one to worry about.

First.

So I'd pointed her out to Eve while I'd sprinted directly toward the lioness.

Even as I sprinted Eve flung her tomahawk which—
THUNK!

—landed right between the eyes of the startled lioness. Killing her dead. For, horrific tales by pseudo-white hunters to the contrary, when you kill a lion you kill it, period—no thrashing around like a shark.

Vaulting nimbly over the body of the dead lioness—and grabbing the handle of the tomahawk as I leaped—I sprang snarling at the nearest male lion.

Startled, he reared up on his hind-quarters, lion-like, prepared to crush my skull with one of his fore paws.

Poor lion. How surprised he must have been when I flung my (or more correctly, Eve's) tomahawk into his skull, and instantly whirled to fling sand into the eyes of the next nearest lion, then turned back to yank free the tomahawk, hurl it at yet another lion while I threw sand into the eyes of the fourth lion.

And so on.

Until all six startled lions were dead.

Not easy.

But not impossibly hard, either, if you have steel nerves and lightning fast reactions, and don't shrink

from working close in--the only place you can work, when flinging sand into lions' eyes.

However, until they have gained some practice in fighting lions with only a tomahawk, I urge my readers to start by fighting first one lion at a time, then two, and so on, only gradually working up to fighting six at once.

In the case of six tigers, forget it; you're dead.)
"Look!" gasped Eve.

I looked.

Racing toward us were six tigers!

"No problem," I grunted, racing toward the nearest lion, which I proceeded to skin quickly if clumsily. "If those six tigers had been released first, we'd be dead by now. As it is..."

As it was, I merely skinned two lions fast. While the tigers, cautious beasts that they are when they scent big-cat blood and see dead big-cat bodies, circled us and the six dead lions warily.

Then, each with a gory lion skin draped over our respective shoulders, Eve and I crawled away.

The tigers followed us but refrained from attacking. They didn't know what to make of us.

It was chancy, of course; the scent of so much blood excited them as much as it made them nervous. At any moment they might have charged, together. But they didn't.

Not, at least, before we'd had time to crawl halfway toward the section of the grandstand where Nero and KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine were sitting.

I had no particular hope of escaping, of course; but I did have the notion of hurling the tomahawk at Katherine and, perchance, defuncting her before Eve and I got defuncted otherwise.

But halfway to Nero and Katherine, a surprising thing happened. Two surprising things, in fact.

First, a huge wooden door swung back and out danced a dozen girl gladiators!

I was surprised, but not all that surprised. I knew, of course, that girl gladiators had been commonplace enough during the last days of the Roman Empire.

Husky, savage, full-bodied, ripe-breasted, beautifully constructed girl gladiators.

For the decadent Romans could afford to buy the very best--the very best Viking girls, the best English maidens, the best French fillies, the finest Persian slave girls...

Wonderfully constructed women who had nothing to lose by becoming female fighters--they faced the choice of slavery, subjection, degradation, possible--more often probable--mutilation and murder, or a chance to fight for their lives as girl gladiators.

A slim, slender chance--but a chance, nevertheless. For, like pop singers in a later era, one gladiator (male or female) in a thousand had the chance of becoming a popular favorite.

Of becoming rich and respected, retiring to live the good life, to be courted and admired by the best circles of Roman society.

Naturally there was no lack of female gladiator volunteers.

Like, if you were a choice chesty chick taken prisoner by the Roman Legions, in Gaul or Britain or Egypt or Spain or Palestine or Roumania or Germany or Libya or Carthage, and brought back in tons to Rome, and given the choice of being sold into slavery--or fighting as a gladiator--what choice would you make?

Especially if you knew that a luscious female foreigner sold as a slave could be, and often was, made the sexual highpoint of a Roman orgy.

Like, after the depraved Romans had orgied each

other into jaded boredom, they sometimes found it amusing to torture a shapely teen-age female slave.

First by ravishing her.

Then by, as they termed it, provoking her.

And it's easy, if you happen to be a depraved Roman, to provoke a slave girl. Especially if said slave girl is bound and helpless, tied hand and foot and unable to do more than scream when red hot skewers are slid into her buttocks and breasts—while depraved Roman men and matrons bend over her, giggling at her suffering.

Obviously these practices tended to spur enlistment in the Girl Gladiator Corps.

So, as I was saying, I wasn't particularly surprised to see a dozen delectable female fighters, in skimpy armor but hefting husky swords, tridents and shields.

What did surprise me, however, was the apoplectic reaction of Nero.

"Get those (four letter Roman word) women warriors out of the arena!" he screamed petulantly. "I want those tigers to eat those two rogues in lion-skins—to please my current favorite, Katerina!"

So, I frowned, KRUNCH Colonel Katherine has the ear as well as other anatomical portions of the mad ruler...

Things did not look good.

Meanwhile, obedient to the Emperor's bellowed commands, the dozen girl gladiators turned and started to trot out of the arena. Thereby exposing their bare backs to the six snarling tigers who—

ROAR!

—leaped to the kill.

"Messy," I muttered, while the tigers tore the twelve trident wielders to shreds, "Extremely messy. Also dangerous for us. Now that those tigers have made a kill—twelve kills, in fact—they'll be berserk

with blood lust..."

"And the walls of stone ringing the arena are completely unclimbable!" gasped Eve the Cave Girl. "Does this mean we're doomed?"

"I fear so," I said, but even as I voiced my fears—
RUMBLE!

The ground dropped beneath us!

Yes! A fifty by fifty foot square of the arena sank beneath us—and sank and sank until a voice cried: "Jump!"

Without stopping to see where I was jumping, I jumped into the darkness around the elevator, Eve the Cave Girl alongside of me.

Instantly—

RUMBLE!

—the huge wooden elevator, powered no doubt by huge wooden gears, moved upward again, just in time to prevent the tigers jumping down to join us. I blinked, looked around.

We were in a huge stone cavern-like room. I'd seen the ruins of such rooms back in my time. Now, however, the joint was in operation. Torches hung flickering from brackets on the stone walls, casting flickering light upon a wanton woman in a chariot!

And what a woman!

In her thirties (age-wise, that is—dimension-wise both her boobies and her hips were in the mid-forties), she was wearing purple flowing robes which clung avidly to her magnificent curves.

Surrounding her, on foot, were a dozen or so servant and slave types in cheap togas. Some male and uninteresting, some female and cute as they come—and would that some of those cute slave girls would come with me some time...

"Greetings, noble gladiator and companion!" said the purple-robed female. "My cousin the mad Emperor—

will be mad at me for this little prank, but I just couldn't bear to see you get chewed up by tigers. My name is Bruta."

"How do, ma'am or miss," I said. "I'm Trevor Anderson, better known as—"

I struggled to remember the Roman numerals for 0008, gave up.

"—well, call me Trevor. Trevonius, I mean. This is Eva Troglodyta Puella. My, uh, servant."

"How come you call me your servant?" frowned Eve, who had evidently picked up a smattering of Latin by listening to the shouts of the crowd.

"On account of if I said you were a girlfriend this chick would most likely have you chopped," I whispered. "Obviously she has an eye for me..."

"I had an eye for you," murmured Bruta, "the moment I saw your magnificent muscles, your dark, saturninely handsome good looks, also your noble (Roman word for you-know-what)! Come! Mount my chariot!"

She didn't have to ask us twice. We hopped aboard her chariot as, with an aristocratic crack of her whip, she sent her horses plunging away.

Along the huge stone tunnel we clattered as, faintly, we heard the sounds of enraged arena guards questioning and undoubtedly torturing Bruta's servant types far behind us.

"I'm holding a little orgy at my padium," crooned Bruta, fondling my ear and etc. as she lashed her horses to greater speed. "I think you'll have fun..."

I nodded agreement.

Would I ever!

I'd always figured that I was just the type to draw the last full measure of erotic pleasure from a real Roman orgy...

And what an orgy!

Bruta's padium had proved to be a huge Roman villa, which we'd reached after ten minutes of riding pell-mell through the cobbled streets of Rome. (The streets of Ancient Rome, I noted with interest, looked just as depicted in Life Magazine.)

The orgy was already going strong when Bruta drove her chariot through the stone gates that led to the villa's specious grounds.

An outdoor orgy, evidently; but then, I seemed to recall reading that Roman orgies usually began outdoors, moved indoors at evening, outdoors again the next day, and so on, for as many days and nights as the orgy lasted.

And this orgy looked like it had several days head of steam behind it.

What scenes of erotic splendor!

What lusty males in togas pursuing nymphs sans togas—also, sad to relate, little boys, big boys, goats, sheep, donkeys and a seductive ostrich or two...

What lusty Roman matrons pursuing slave boys—also, alas, slave girls, goats, sheep, donkeys and some male ostriches...

What dropping of purple grapes into decadent mouths!

What wanton cavorting of depraved dancing girls!

What complicated erotic pyramids of flesh were being formed by professional sexual athletes!

How passionately the guests climbed, or more correctly mounted said pyramids!

So this was the Roman Empire at its physical high point and moral low point. How I yearned to recline and fall on some of the tempting dancing girls, slave girls and professional sex chicks...

A wide range of torrid types too—dusky damsels from Abyssinia...gorgeous Gaul girls...flaxen-haired

British beauties...voluptuous Viking types...curvaceous celtic cuties...hip-swinging Hindu harlots...passionate Persian pretties...luscious Libyan lasses...naughty Nubian nymphs...the whole Imperial bit.

No wonder the Roman Legions had conquered the then-known world with such vigor and enthusiasm—each new conquest meant a new source of supply for sexpots.

What an enlightened if depraved system of rule: the Romans exported soldiers, tax-collectors, roads, baths and law books; and received tribute in sexy young girls.

Could it be, I mused, that this might be a keen way for the under-developed lands of the world—in my time—to show their gratitude for U.S. economic aid? In return for U.S. funds, the under-developed nations could send the U.S. over-developed girls...

But no; the moral climate of America was too stuffy for any swinging scheme like that.

The Romans, on the other hand...

Wow!

"The orgy seems to be slowing down," frowned Bruta. "Excuse me while I go get things swinging again—I am the hostess, after all. I'll be back in a while. Meanwhile, join the orgy and, heh, heh, warm up for the main event—me!"

And so saying she flung off her toga and flung herself onto the nearest pile of squirming flesh...

I looked around, leering. Also panting with pent-up passion. What erotic games should I play first?

Should I crawl on all fours in pursuit of the ripe-rumped little teaser who, also on all fours, was shaking her beauteous backside as she smiled at me seductively over her shoulder?

Should I fling myself upon the long-legged lovely who was sprawled wide-eyed and wide-thighed almost

at my feet?

Pursue the plump puella who kept pushing her huge but shapely breasts together suggestively?

Amble toward the amorous maiden who was kneeling nearby smiling at me and pursing her soft lips as if she were preparing to blow the trumpet?

Should I dance, one way or another, with the delectable dancing girl who was bumping and grinding in classical fashion a few yards away?

Or—

ZAP!

Confound it! I raged, as again I felt myself tumbling through time, that was my one chance to make out at a Roman orgy and I muffed it. Or at least missed it...

Then—

THUD!

—I was again sprawled inside the Time Funnel. And—

THUD!

—an instant later Eve the Cave Girl was sprawled alongside of me.

But where was KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine?

"Where's that evil Katherine woman?" queried Eve.

"Search me," I said.

"Maybe she, heh, heh, got herself killed horribly back in that place you called Rome," suggested Eve, as we waited for muscular control to return to our limbs.

"No such luck, I fear," I frowned. "And even if she had—since she belongs, worse luck, in our time—her mangled corpse would have returned. More likely she's been momentarily delayed by a temporary cross-current or adverse winds and will materialize here any—"

At which moment Katherine materialized inside

the Time Funnel. Right over the control chair, as it happened. And, as worse luck still would have it, she fell sprawling into said control chair, one shapelessly thigh directly activating the control knob causing—ZAP!

—the three of us to fly through time again.

End over end I and, presumably, Eve and Katherine tumbled, streaking through the blasted fourth dimension to land—

FLESHY THUD!

—on top of a naked voluptuous girl. I was back at the Roman orgy!

But no. Even as I squirmed and wriggled (atop the luscious nude girl I found myself sprawled upon) to look around me I noted that this orgy was a different orgy.

Naked girls galore, to be sure; but different naked girls.

Where? In what period of time? For, let's face it, naked girls look pretty much the same in any period of history. Perhaps I could make a shrewd guess by inspecting their hair styles. No go. They had long, flowing hair. The most common (and best, in my opinion) hair style throughout the ages. From era to era girls may shingle their hair, wear it in bee-hive hairdos, cover it with powdered wigs, braid it into braids, tie it in buns, wear it in bangs, etc. etc. But the pendulum always swings back to the normal, natural, sexy way of wearing hair—long and loose and flowing.

Perhaps the surroundings would give me a clue as to the time era I was in...

I tore my gaze from the naked girls around me—I'd barely glanced at the naked men who were cavorting carnally with said naked girls—and scanned the immediate physical scene.

I was in a huge modernistic room. On the walls lights glittered, screens crackled with oscilloscope patterns, dial hands moved across the faces of instruments I didn't understand, and on a huge screen set in the ceiling was a clear view of the Great Nebula in Andromeda!

Could it be that...?

"Well make up your mind," snapped the naked voluptuous girl I was sprawled on top of. "First you fling yourself nakedly on top of me—rapidly too, I didn't even see you leaping—and then, instead of adjusting yourself even a little bit, thereby linking and locking our lusty bodies, you start muttering and looking around you..."

I looked down at the nude young girl I was sprawled on top of. Cute. Long red hair spread out to frame her lovely head. Provocative baby blue eyes. Crimson ripe lips, now pursed petulantly.

I smiled at her. At least she spoke English and... I stopped smiling and started frowning. How could she have spoken English? Her lips had remained petulantly pursed the whole time she'd been... Thought transferring?

"Aren't you the strange one?" mused the gorgeous red-headed girl I was sprawled nakedly on top of. (And her lips didn't move at all!) "Won't even think to me. Oh, I see. You took off your communicator. Got some naughty thoughts you want to hide, eh?"

I frowned harder. Communicator? Of course, the girl I was more or less aboard had two tiny metal discs, each smaller than a dime, pasted to the sides of her temples. Miniaturized thought transferring devices!

Which must mean I was in the future!

But where in the future?

Well, whatever future I had in the future, I might

as well have a little fun in the future present, I reflected, leering at the red-headed doll atop whom I was sprawled—leering and then lunging.

"Oooooee!" thought transferred the chesty chick beneath me as I plunged precipitously into her sexual storm center...

And then: "Ahhh...Mmmm...Uh-hubhh...!" as I quickened the pace.

She gurgled (aloud) with pleasure, surged her hips rapturously upward, shook them, shook me; and then settled seductively back to let me do the physical work.

Which I did—happily!

Firmly I thrust myself forward, driving myself deep into the hot delight of her body, then easing back, only to piston forcefully forward again.

And again and again and again, now and then varying things by rocking myself from side to side, spiraling and circling lazily as I plunged and lunged...

And like a bubbling torrent of female erotic musings, her torrid, sexy, semi-conscious thoughts flowed into my brain:

Oh yes—oh my yes (I sensed her thinking)...I just love it when he probes and pokes me that way... how expert he is...and how big...and virile...and sexually talented...

Interesting, I reflected while I continued to piston and plunge and jolt and gyrate aboard her, most interesting... Sex in the future obviously has a new dimension, thanks to electronic thought transference. Like you can read a girl's thoughts and emotions and whims—know her every response to every erotic gambit you make...

Useful. Also erotically exciting. Very exciting. But I decided—while I rammed myself ever more forcefully, more urgently into her hot and jumping honey jar—something that could be highly inhibiting. Like

who could keep on making it with a girl who kept radiating tense...tense...tense...? Or, worse, thoughts like how revolting and nauseating all this is...?

Not that any girl would ever think such thoughts while I was making love to her...

How revolting and nauseating it is—I sensed the redhead to be thinking.

And instantly I went tense, and then started to go limp...

—to think that I never made it with such a virile lover before, at least not during this voyage...she thought on. Much to my relief.

Oh how divinely divine it feels when he feels me that way with his strong groping fingers...she thought—either not knowing or not caring that I was reading her erotic thoughts loud and clear. How it excites and inflames me when he slides his masculine hands up to cup and caress my proud breasts, to touch and tease and tug at my already excited, fully erect, erotically tingling nipples...

How deliciously his fervent fingers are sinking deep into the ripely resilient flesh of my boobies—and now, oh bliss!—his seeking, searching hands are sliding under my body, down, down to grasp the heavy muscular mountains of my magnificent buttocks; grasp them and grip them and use them to pull me savagely against the pounding perfection of his pile-driving desire...

Wow, I reflected, as I rammed, jammed and slammed into her, this chick sure has a vivid way with thoughts...

And then our fervent fling was ending in a scalding, spurring, rocking, convulsing, fountaining consummation of rapture as I plunged again and again into the soft, squirming target of her body...

I saw stars—my own stars and the stars she was

seeing. Felt rockets explode in my head, sensed dynamite detonating in her loins...

And, our thoughts and bodies linked, fused, forged into one pulsing entity of bliss—we peaked...

After which I rested, panting.

Also listening to her thoughts for a clue as to where I was. Aside from being on top of her, that is.

Satiation, satiation, satiation...thought the girl beneath me. Gentle joy...remembered rapture...happy afterglow...

Hmmm... No significant thoughts as yet. Doubtless it would take her stunned mind quite some while to recover from the soul-shattering experience I'd treated her to.

Meanwhile, comfortably pillowed by the softness of her body, I looked around.

Where could Eve be?

Then I saw her. And gasped in horror!

The poor girl was being brutally ravished by a hulking male of the future!

She was struggling wildly to escape and—no! She was—gasp—cooperating with him in the ravishing! Lunging as he plunged, rearing as he bucked, shaking as he shook!

She was actually enjoying it! The fickle girl...

Well, at least she was safe. Now, the thing to do was find out just where we were...I listened in again to the thoughts of the girl beneath me:

How sweet it was, she thought, being ravished by the hulking male who even now is still lying on top of me. Wonder why I never saw him or sexed with him before? Maybe he's been sick, hasn't been attending the nightly relaxation orgy, which to my way of thinking is one of the best morale building programs aboard this huge space ship...

So, I cognitated, I'm aboard a huge space ship.

But of what name? Going where? In what year? ...named the Stellar Trekker, thought the girl with red hair, bound to the outer limits of the universe, a desperate voyage even in this, the Twenty-Fifth Century...

Ah ha...I thought. Well, no sweat. All I have to do was cool things or rather heat things up at the recreational orgy for another hour, and then...

Now hear this! Now hear this! boomed a male voice in my brain. Pink alert! Pink alert! Unidentified space ship approaching on interception course! Stand by to jump into hyper-space drive, in case she proves to be a pirate ship and—too late! She has us trapped in a force field!

I leaped to my feet, as did everybody else. I looked around. Everybody else, I noticed, was looking up at the ceiling. I did likewise; and on the huge visi-screen above me I could see a huge alien space ship!

Bulbous in shape and glowing ominously—a titanic ship at least a half-a-mile long! And it was moving closer and closer, filling the entire screen until—CLANG!

—it locked itself against the Stellar Trekker! An instant later—POW! SIZZLE!

—a gaping hole appeared in the side of our ship, a hole through which we could look directly into the alien space ship, a hole through which was charging... bug-eyed monsters!

Could I be imagining things?

I looked again. No, they were as bug-eyed as any monsters I'd seen: eight arms, four legs, two tentacles, four lobster-like claws and three huge round eyes!

As large as hippos and much more ferocious looking, they scarcely seemed to need the ray guns each

held in each of their eight arms and two tentacles. And from the horrible monsters flickered monstrous thoughts!

Earth girls! I could sense them thinking. Ripe, voluptuous, nude Earth girls! What fun we'll have ravishing them, before we eat them!

How curious it is, I found time to reflect, as the bug-eyed monsters charged, that monsters from outer space, no matter what females they may have been accustomed to at home, always go ape for Earth girls. Especially nude or near nude Earth girls...

It doesn't seem to work the other way. I mean, I've never heard of a case where space traveling Earth men encountered female giant ameoba, titanic extra-terrestrial female worms, colossal female land crabs, over-sized alien sea slugs, etc. and were immediately overcome with sexual desire for same.

No, never.

But Earth girls (especially nude or near nude Earth girls) seem to create raging sexual and other appetites in every bug-eyed monster born or assembled from ugly spare parts...

Most curious...

But before I could develop and expand my philosophical speculations I reeled back in amazement as—
CLANG!

—another space ship locked to the other side of the Steller Trekker and—

POW! SIZZLE!

—melted a huge hole on the other side of our ship, a huge hole through which poured voluptuous female space pirates!

And leading them was (who else?) KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine!

"Hey!" protested the thoughts of the leading bug-eyed monster, "we're looting and ravishing this

space ship!"

"Let's make a deal," purred Katherine. "As the new Pirate Queen of this pirate space vessel, having worsted the former Pirate Queen in unfair combat, I say why don't you work your side of this helpless ship, and we'll work the other side?"

"Why not?" shrugged the boss of the bug-eyed monsters. "Like, you ravish and eat the male Earthmen, and we'll ravish and eat the, slobber, slobber, Earthgirls!"

"What could be more fair?" purred Katherine the Space Pirate Queen. "We'll do just that—just as soon as I settle one little score. You die now, 0008!" she hissed, raising her ray gun and aiming directly at the most vulnerable portion of my anatomy.

I looked around for escape...

Nothing.

Looked for help...

Nobody.

For—

ZAP!

And just in time, too!

I wonder why, I mused as I whirled head over heels through the fourth dimension, we got yanked back to our time so soon... Then I realized why: the giant space ship was traveling so fast, evidently, that time was being stretched aboard it—hence an hour had passed in ten minutes.

What a lucky break for the good guy—me...

Seconds later I fell sprawling right on the control chair of the Time Funnel and—

ZAP!

—away we all went again...

CHAPTER/10

NAKED AND DEJECTED, I WHIRLED END OVER end through time to land—

THUD! Bounce...bounce...bounce...

—upon a bed.

And what a bed!

Or, more correctly, what a bedmate!

For while the bed I'd landed on was more or less conventional, in an old-fashioned four-poster kind of way, the wench who was sitting on the bed, shedding her shift, was delectable in the extreme!

What a tempting teen-age temptress!

What milk-white flesh, what full and fervent-looking breasts...what ripe and luscious young thighs...what soft and succulent buttocks...what tempting red lips...

And, since the wench I was sharing the bed with had just shed her shift before I landed, I could see each and every one of her magnificent female attractions...

"Kind sir!" she gasped. "I ask you, I implore you, please explain what you are doing on my bed in the," blush, blush, "nude state! I am but a shy country maid, kind—I trust—sir, and I'm not used to this kind of big city hanky-panky!"

I looked at her. What a choice if under-age chick!

Had I been a cad, I would have not hesitated a moment to take advantage of her. In innumerable shocking—but erotically satisfying—ways.

However, I reminded myself, I was not a cad. Merely a misplaced triple-zero SADISTO agent.

"Uh, how do, Miss," I said. "If I may be so bold—

where am I? Or, since it amounts to the same thing, where are you?"

"Why, kind—I sincerely hope—sir, I am newly arrived in London town. I'm a trusting country girl and...I say, how did you get into my bedroom? And on top of my bed?"

"Magic," I chuckled. "Uh, how did you get to London, innocent—so you say—child?"

"By stagecoach, of course!" she cried, throwing her young and tender hands across her younger and even more tender (but fantastically full and sexy) breasts. "And I believe it is customary for a gentleman to identify himself when he meets a lady. Even a young, innocent lady such as myself. Especially a young, innocent lady such as myself!"

"Anderson's the name," I leered. "Trevor Anderson. And I have the honor of lying naked in bed alongside—?"

"Miss—Miss Hill!" gasped the young girl.

I drooled, inwardly. "And your first name is... Fanny?"

"That's my first name, kind, I sincerely pray, sir!" she cried.

"That's what I, drool, drool, figured," I lewdly and lasciviously cackled. "Relax, little teen-age, ripe-breasted, full-thighed, soft-bellied, rounded-rumped, milk-white-fleshed girl—I don't intend to do anything but—jump you good!"

And so saying, I sprang upon the toothsome trollop. Grappled with the depraved sex doll, overpowered her feeble but ardent struggles, ignored her insincere pleas for mercy, laughed at her hypocritical howls for humanity on my part; and lustily pinned her plump young body to the bed as I lustily flung her legs apart and excitedly dove into her darling depths.

What a stroke of luck on my part! To actually

sex up the most depraved sexpot in English history! To make it with Fanny Hill herself!

Overcome with excitement I rammed and slammed myself frenziedly into her soft body while she writhed and twisted and squealed, to turn me on further, of course.

Blind to her bleatings I lunged and plunged again and again, stoking my excitement to flaming heights in astonishingly short time until—

ZAM! WHAM! BLAM! RAM! FLAM! ZAM AGAIN! —I climaxed soaringly, spurtingly, gloriously...

Then rested panting, rested while idly kneading the rounded rapture rotundities of her teen-age breasts.

"That was nice, baby," I grunted. "It's true, I guess, what they've been saying about you for hundreds of years—you really are hip, erotically speaking. They don't come any more wild and wanton than you. Experience sure pays off. Uh, how many times, roughly, off hand, have you made it with men, eh sexpot?"

"You, sob, mean how many times have I been, sob, violated as you just violated me? Why, unkind sir, counting you—once!"

"I figured as much," I muttered. "It takes a heap of humping to—huh? Once? Once? Uh—when I just jumped you did you provocatively clasp your inner muscles together to increase my kick quota?"

She shook her shapely head.

"Oy vey!" I gasped. "You were like—a virgin?"

"Don't remind me of my innocent past!" she sobbed.

"But since you have reminded me—yes! I was a virgin until you uncouthly made me a fallen woman!"

"Sorry—really sorry about that," I muttered.

"But—well—how could I have guessed? You see, in my time—I mean—well, like I just naturally figured you were plenty experienced..."

"To some extent," she sobbed, "I am, now. But

oh woe is me! While I'm now experienced, I am also spoiled for all good men, that is! I might just as well kill myself! Hand me yon knife, if you please, kind sir, so I may cut mine throat!"

"Sure," I said, "anything to make you happy and—no! You don't want to kill yourself. You're young! Also sexy and full of life. So enjoy life."

"But sir," sobbed Fanny Hill. "Now that, thanks to your uncouth invasion of my hitherto private passion plot, I am no longer an innocent teen-age virgin, how can I possibly make out?"

How?

I had to save this innocent (formerly) girl I'd so casually de-virgined.

But, I realized, young girls in her time didn't have many career opportunities. She could be a tutor but not a deflowered tutor. She could be a maid but the hiring examination would reveal her to be an ex-virgin. Which meant that no respectable woman would hire her. And the kind of men who would hire her...

"Child," I said, "there is, alas, only one profession now open to you, deflowered as you are. For kicks, big money and the chance to make a wealthy marriage, I suggest you become a professional joy jill."

"I say—I'd like that!" she gasped. "If the kind of joy I'd be getting and giving was even a tenth as wild as the joy you jetted into me just now—but no! It isn't possible! I've heard that only extremely experienced professional passion chicks can make out in these highly competitive times. And I, alas, have only made it once..."

"Allow me," I murmured, "to train you a little..."

"You are too kind, kind sir!" she gasped. "But as long as you've made the offer, what do I do?"

"Well," I said, glancing at the antique clock at the

wall—forty minutes left before ZAP time—"if you really want to learn..."

"Oh I do!" she cried. "Like what else can I do, now, thanks to you?"

"Nothing," I agreed. "Well, out of the kindness of my heart, I'll help you become the most celebrated sex goddess of your time. First, you remember what we did a while ago?"

"How could I forget it?" she gasped.

"Fine," I said. "But, for the man concerned, and also for your own kicks for that matter, remember that you, as well as he, have some muscles that can work. Squeezing, pulsing, gripping muscles..."

"I sensed that I had such muscles," she gasped, "but I was too shy to use them. Tell me more, I urge you!"

And I did.

"What a revelation!" she gasped. "And, pray tell, what else should I know how to do?"

"Well," I said, "you should realize that a girl's enfolding lips and circling, teasing tongue can do wonders to inflame a man; especially when said enfolding lips and circling, teasing tongue are employed—thus..."

And I showed her just what her lips and tongue could accomplish. And did accomplish...

"Why—that was fun!" she cried. "And you got a kick out of it too, eh?"

"I and any man you did the same thing to," I assured her. "Now, the next thing you should learn is..."

And I proceeded to teach her what I felt she should know. And (thanks to my experienced teaching) she learned fast. Learned how to use her flowing hair to tease and titillate a man...how to employ her fabulously full breasts so as to best arouse, if not

completely satisfy, a man...how to manipulate her thrilling thighs, her yummy tummy, her bouncy buttocks, her fondling fingers, her—everything—to excite a typical lusty male.

With me serving as an example of a typical lusty male.

"How can I ever thank you?" she gasped, tens of minutes later. "You've taught me every depraved trick I need to know! Or are there more depraved tricks to master?"

I gave the matter serious thought.

"No," I said. "For at least a brace of centuries, no more erotic exercises will be devised, no more erotic than the exercises I've taught you, that is."

"Oh how happy you've made me!" she cried. "In addition to making me, that is! Thanks to you, I'm now the most jaded, experienced joy jill in London town...in the world! And to think that I was an innocent virgin on her first trip to London less than an hour ago!"

"Think nothing of it," I shrugged. "We triple-zero SADISTO agents are the most highly trained, sexually speaking, people alive."

"Would you mind," she gushed erotically, while her fervent fingers fondled me shamelessly, "if I mentioned you in the memoirs I intend to write at once?"

"For security reasons," I urged her, "I urge you to disguise my identity. In fact, it might be best if you pretended that all that I've taught you in the last forty-five minutes was actually taught you by many men and women over a long period of time."

"Anything you say," she crooned worshipfully. "But you and you alone will know that all the men and women mentioned in my book, which I intend to call *The Memoirs of A Woman of Pleasure*, are actually you,

Trevor Anderson..."

"I'll remember," I assured her as—
ZAP!

—I plunged again backward through time, to spin end over end until—

BLAM!

—I fell right on top of the control panel of the Time Funnel which happenstance resulted in—

ZAP!

—my being again hurled through time, to land...

...on my head.

Half stunned—in fact three-quarters stunned—I lay sprawled on my back.

Above me I could see a tall steel mast reaching toward the sky. Also a huge, old-fashioned funnel.

I'm on a ship, I thought groggily; a big, very old-fashioned ocean liner, evidently.

"Cor blimey!" gasped an English voice. "A naked stowaway rolling drunkenly on the deck. 'Ere, 'ere mate! You can't do that there 'ere!"

Ocean liner, I mused. Old fashioned. A big ship. English, evidently. Perhaps...good grief! Yes!

I struggled nakedly to my feet, grabbed by the lapels the startled steward who had found me.

"Tell the Captain to reduce speed!" I yelled. "You may not know it, but we're about to hit an iceberg!"

"You flipped your flippin' lid mate?" gasped the steward.

"You must believe me!" I shouted. "I know this may sound strange, but I'm from another time. I traveled through the fourth dimension... I know all things because I walk by night...I mean, what do I mean? Oh, yes! Reduce speed before the Titanic is doomed!"

Groggy though I was from having fallen on my head, I knew that my only chance of survival lay in stopping

the Titanic—for I had once chanced to read the list of names of survivors—and my name wasn't on the list. Even at the cost of changing history, I had to stop the...

"You are cookoo!" gasped the steward. "The Titanic went down years ago, mate. And there's no icebergs about 'ere. Not off the coast of h'Ireland."

"Oh," I said. "Uh—sorry to have, uh, frightened you. I'm a little groggy..."

"On grog, no doubt," sniffed the steward. "But 'ave no fear, mate. We aren't in no danger. The U-boats wouldn't dare sink a lighted passenger vessel like the Lusitania."

The Lusitania!

"Turn back the ship!" I screamed, grabbing the steward's lapels again. "We're going to—"

BLAM!

"—what did I tell you?" I finished as the tremendous explosion of the torpedo sent me flying through the air. End over end I tumbled, and then—

ZAP!

I was traveling through time again.

Curious, I mused groggily as I traveled, I couldn't have been aboard the Lusitania more than a few minutes. Evidently the Time Funnel is acting up. Doubtless because of the way the control knob keeps getting bashed with swords, tomahawks and so forth...

And then—

SPLASH!

—I was drowning in a river! Wildly I floundered, touched bottom. Waded groggily ashore to find—a Roman Legion gaping at me from the other side!

"Confound it!" raged a man I recognized instantly to be Julius Caesar. "I had just decided to turn back to avoid the possibility of civil war, but now we'll have to cross the Rubicon to catch that naked spy."

Chargel!"

And the entire Roman Legion, led by Caesar, plunged into the narrow river to get me. Frantically I ran and ran until—

ZAP!

SPLASH!

I was back in the river! No, another river...

Groggily I trod water, looked around. A few feet away from me a huge rowboat was rolling wildly. Evidently the rowers had been thrown into confusion by my sudden appearance right in front of them. And as I watched, horrified, a distinguished looking man in a three-cornered hat lost his balance and fell into the water with a terrific splash.

"Confound it!" he fumed, spitting out water, "I've lost my teeth!"

"Here they are, General Washington," I said. "Being made of wood they fortunately floated. Uh, sorry about dunking you this way, but you really shouldn't have been standing up in the boat in the first place—"

ZAP!

SPLASH!

I was back in another blasted river. No, the water I was swallowing while wallowing was salt—I was in the ocean!

Not too far from shore, fortunately. I swam toward it as best I could then faster as I saw that a girl was standing beckoning on the beach.

And what a girl!

She was wearing a Grecian mini-tunic that revealed the thrilling length and richly ripe girth of her young thighs, and her proud young breasts thrust arrogantly against the flimsy fabric which caged them.

"Leander!" she cried. "Only you would swim the Hellespont for little me and—hey, you aren't Leander! Well, no matter, if you care enough for my churning

charms to swim all this way. ."

She reached out her sculpted arms beckoningly.

And I raced eagerly if groggily out of the surf to embrace her as—

ZAP!

I was back in the sea. No, another river evidently. At least the water was fresh, if rather muddy. Again near shore, by good fortune.

I swam toward the nearest bank of the river, on which was standing an elderly Chinese man talking animatedly to some companions who kept nodding their heads in agreement.

"—and that," I heard him say in Chinese, "is my master plan. First the Red Guards. Then, to ensure that the people put my principles into practice even while bliss bashing each other—Bed Guards! Teen age girls who will burst into revisionist bedrooms and—look! A spy! A C.I.A. agent! Quick! We must swim out and catch him, and I, Mao, will lead the way!"

"I advise against, it, Chairman Mao," I heard an adviser advise as I swam frantically out into the river. "However, if your mind's made up, let's take along a camera and take some publicity shots..."

I gasped. So I, Trevor Anderson, had been the real reason for Mao taking his celebrated swim...

But even as I gasped (and Mao swam snarlingly out to capture me in person and what a publicity coup for their side if he had caught me)—

ZAP!

I was whizzing through time and space again, to land—

SPLASH!

I was splashing in some sort of pond. I swam to the shore, waded out, looked around.

A pretty place, surrounded by trees and dense bushes. I sat down on a rock to get my breath back,

For in my groggy state I'd swallowed quite a bit of water.

A very pretty place, I decided, looking around some more. Except that it was much smaller, it reminded me rather poignantly of the old swimming hole where, as a mere lad, I had once swum.

What carefree times I'd had in just such a swimming hole, frolicking with the companions of my boyhood and...

I broke off. Smiled.

A little boy was tiptoeing through the bushes. Evidently intent on skinny-dipping, for he had no clothes on. Rather a manly little chap, too. A bit like... I frowned. Gasped.

Could it be? Yes! It was!

"Okay!" yelled the little boy over his shoulder. "The coast is clear!"

And out of the bushes behind him, likewise naked, trotted three girls. And what girls!

Ripe, luscious teen-age girls, long of leg and full of bosom.

"We really shouldn't be having an outdoor orgy with you, Trevor," giggled the first girl—a buxom redhead.

"Especially since we're mature girls of seventeen," agreed a busty blonde, "and you're only seven."

"On the other hand," muttered a ripely curved brunette, "Trevor's all male, with the stamina of a stallion. And his line is...persuasive. Like, the boys our own age are big blabbermouths. If we put out for them our girlish reputations would soon be ruined."

"Whereas little Trevor," agreed the blonde, "is plenty discreet. Also, as he continually points out, even if he did boast of his conquests, nobody would believe him. Hence we can safely frolic with him."

I shook my head admiringly. I'd forgotten what a

lusty little lad I'd been. Also what a persuasive line I'd worked out...

Yes, as a boy I'd sure had a ball, in and around the old swimming pool. And I'd never been caught cavorting and consorting, either. Though once, I recalled, a dirty old man had tried to spy on me. I'd had to...

"Look!" yelled the seven-year old me, pointing at me. "A dirty old man! Don't worry girls, I'll drive him away!"

And so saying he picked up a rock and hurled it at me, and with such accuracy that—

THUNK!

—it hit me right between the eyes.

"Why you rotten little—uncouth little—sneaky little brat!" I raged. "What do you mean calling me a dirty old man? I'm only twenty-nine! How dare you talk to, uh, uh, yourself that way?"

But the seven-year-old Trevor paid no attention. Just kept on throwing rocks at me. As did his—or my?—shapely lust-crazed companions.

Pelted with pebbles, I had no alternative but to run as fast as I could until—

ZAP!

Not again, I groaned as I whirled once more through time—for at the time I little suspected that I'd zapped my last zap—as had the Time Funnel, for that matter...

CHAPTER/11

I RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS SLOWLY, CONSCIOUS of every bruised and battered bone in my body...

What's that line of Lord Byron's about regaining consciousness? "When the bones begin to feel the flesh, and the flesh to feel the chain..."

That's how I felt. I didn't have any chains on me, of course, but I sure felt like I'd been whacked a few times with some heavy chain.

I opened my eyes, looked around. I was inside the Time Funnel. Alone.

And the Time Funnel was shaking and rocking! Sparks were arcing from the smoking control chair... and, from the way all the airs on my body kept trying to stand on end I knew the air must be super charged with static electricity.

An ear-drum shattering electronic whine reverberated through the gleaming steel cage of the Time Funnel, a whine that was steadily rising in intensity and pitch!

This machine, I mused, is about to blow itself to bits...

With me inside it, I added to myself...

Obviously the thing to do was to make tracks. Only, where was Eve? Or for that matter, KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine?

And then—

ZAP!

—Eve the Cave Girl (still breath-takingly nude) materialized in front of me.

I struggled to my feet, scooped her up, staggered

toward the barred door of the Time Funnel.

It took me several precious seconds to fumble it open—for Eve the Cave Girl, still unable to move her limbs, was a dead weight in my arms.

But I managed it.

Lurched through the basement room where the Time Funnel rested. Only the Time Funnel wasn't exactly resting now—it's metal bars were glowing, the whole confounded contraption was shaking, great arcs of sparks were showering from the control panel and the electronic whine was so high as to be almost inaudible, but still loud enough to make my teeth and bones ring.

When that thing blows, I mused to myself, it's really going to blow...

"I have a nasty feeling," gasped Eve the Cave Girl, able to talk if not yet move her arms and legs, "that when that contraption blows, it's really going to blow..."

I nodded, lurched up a flight of stairs with Eve the Cave Girl in my arms, lurched through the warehouse, careless of the plants I kicked over, heedless of whether there were any KRUNCH guards around (there weren't)...

Then I was outside, and running, running through the night.

A moment later Eve began to wriggle in my arms. I put her down, and both of us began to run.

And run and run and run, down the jungle path that led to Clarksville.

Half a mile down the trail a dazzling blue-white flash turned the jungle night to day—turned it brighter than day.

We flung ourselves flat, hugging the ground and covering our ears.

A split second later the shock wave rolled over us, as tangible as a wave of mercury, and a second after that the awesome sound of the explosion bellowed

through the night.

A rain of earth, plant fragments, building fragments and Time Funnel fragments fell to the ground all around us and then all was quiet.

Even the jungle animals and insects had been hushed into frightened silence.

Eve and I rose to our feet, groped for each other, clutched each other—for our eyes were still too dazzled by the frightening flash for us to be able to see each other.

"What...what happened?" gasped Eve the Cave Girl.

"A fourth-dimensional explosion," I said. "The Time Funnel blew up. To put it mildly."

"Oh happy day!" cried Eve. "Now we won't be whizzed back and forth in time any more! We're safe in—in—"

"Sarawak," I said. "In the year 1967."

"Exactly," said Eve. "Whatever and whenever that is. But would you mind explaining just what that Time Funnel was?"

"Gladly," I said. "Except that I don't know myself. I'm not up on theoretical physics, fourth-dimensional time warps and all that nonsense. At any rate, we're home safe. Correction, I'm home safe. You're just safe. True, we may be attacked by tigers, cobras, rogue elephants and Satan only knows what else; but compared to what we've been through, we're safe. Safe, for the moment, from the ravages of time. Though Time, I dare say, will get both of us sooner or later. Best of all we're safe from KRUNCH Colonel Katherine!"

"That awful if voluptuous girl!" groaned Eve the Cave Girl. "What, giggle, giggle, dreadful thing happened to her, do you suppose?"

"Obviously," I said, "she got trapped somewhere in time. Another time. Let's heh, heh, hope she got

trapped in the cellars of the Countess of Caldi a few hundred years back."

"Who was the Countess of Caldi?" queried Eve the Cave Girl.

"A sadistically minded lady aristocrat who lived some centuries ago," I explained. "She was arrested and brought to trial, during which trial she admitted having horribly murdered some four hundred young peasant girls. By herself and with friends. I forget the outcome of the trial. I think she got a warning and a suspended sentence. Aristocrats could really get away with murder in the old days."

"What a comforting thought," murmured Eve, coaxingly kneading and fingering my flesh. "Only—what if that awful woman materialized in, say, the bedroom of the female you mentioned—the Countess of Caldi?"

"She'd have killed the Countess on the spot," I agreed. "And taken her place. Good grief—perhaps the Countess of Caldi, as we know her, is—was—KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine!"

"Or maybe," frowned Eve, for by now my eyes had returned enough toward normal so that I could see her frown, "maybe she materialized before we did. In the Time Funnel, that is. Saw that it was about to blow and ran."

I frowned myself. The idea that KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine might be close by was enough to make any intelligent man frown.

"It's possible," I conceded. "But—let's hope—not probable. No, it's more likely she got stranded for good in another time. Not recent time, that's for sure."

"Why so?" asked Eve.

"Like I'm still alive," I pointed out. "To the best of my knowledge, no little old gray-haired lady hobbled

into my nursery and bashed me over the head with a club. So Katherine didn't get stranded in, say, the 1920's."

"What if she got stranded in the near future?" postulated Eve. "Like next year?"

I thought about this. A sobering thought, to be sure. Next year—or the year after next—I might be at a New Year's party, singing Auld Lang Syne, and suddenly—AAP! KRUNCH Kolonel Katherine would materialize in front of me. With a sub-machine gun in each hand. Fire-spitting, slug-spurting sub-machine guns...

"It's possible," I conceded. "But, what the heck. I face peril so often, what's one more horrible peril? Come on, let's make more tracks."

And we did.

We slogged along the trail to Clarksville, reached same.

The local inhabitants—especially Samantha Clark and Sadie—were tremendously excited about what they assumed had been the plunge to Earth of a huge meteorite—for to just such a natural phenomenon had they attributed the gigantic flash and tremendous shock wave of the Time Funnel's self-demolishing.

We didn't disillusion them.

We merely spent the night there, and what a night! Eve the Cave Girl really knew how to make a man happy in the hay. And when she fell asleep, I tiptoed down the main street of Clarksville to say good-bye to Samantha Clark. And what a beautiful bitch in bed she was...

And after I left Samantha I was waylaid and laid by Sadie—for free, remarkably.

And then...but my erotic relaxation is not germane to this story.

Suffice to say that in the morning Eve and I set

out, on foot, along the already rusting railway line leading to the coast.

A third of the way there Eve the Cave Girl collapsed from exhaustion. I picked her up and carried her.

Halfway to the coast I collapsed—from what was later diagnosed as jungle fever. And Eve picked me up and carried me.

I was delirious most of the time. But I was conscious enough long enough to tell her whom to telephone when and if she carried me to safety.

And she did so, as I later learned. Despite the fact that, along the way, she was joined by an old friend...

CHAPTER/12

WHEN I CAME TO THE NEXT TIME—AS I RELATED at the beginning of this book—I was in bed. Back at SADISTO HQ.

Also delirious to some extent.

And depressed. If such a thing as the Time Funnel could be built once, I mused in my near delirium, it can be built again.

And after that—what a chaos would reign!

People would forever be zipping back and forth in time—though more probably back than forward. Back to throw monkey wrenches in history. Back to take snapshots of Cleopatra applying the asp to her bosom. Or, more likely, home movies of Cleopatra entertaining Mark Antony...

History would become a shambles of sight-seeing trips. Privacy a thing of the past—for who could feel safe with a married woman in some secluded motel when at any moment—ZAP!—a party of time tourists might materialize to take pictures and gawk at you.

And, if Time Funnels could eventually be made so cheap and plentiful that everybody could afford one—what wretched ruins most people would make of their lives...

With time flowing cruelly but majestically in but one direction, every man and woman born had, as a birthright, a certain dignity to their lives. Cruel, brutal, criminal, or tragic though episodes in their past might be, the river of time washes over their sins, their blunders, their agonizing heartbreaks.

But if men and women could revisit the past,

their past...

What honeymoon could survive the visit, through time, of the aged and wrinkled wreck of the surviving partner, come back through time to smile at his or her past?

What happy youngster could avoid going insane if a drunken bum materialized in his playroom and said, "Heh, heh, little boy—I'm you—fresh from the gutters of the Bowery. So much for your, heh, heh, high hopes..."

And Death, contrary to popular propaganda campaigns, is not proud but kind, at least at times.

The fragility of human memory is not to be scorned but applauded—who could revisit, in times not remembered but revisited in the flesh, the lost loves of their youth? Not and remain sane, that's for sure; not if they loved deeply enough.

There are too many men alive who carry sorrow like a glowing coal in their innermost soul; a pain to be endured for life, but a pain that age has made dull enough to endure.

But who could survive seeing once again, hearing again, touching again the lost girl they will never possess?

Who would wish to survive the brutal reopening of wounds that took decades to heal?

No—time travel was too monstrous to contemplate; equally monstrous to the old, revisiting their young selves, and to the young, seeing before them their future realities...

I could not—would not—admit the possibility of such a mechanism of the Time Funnel having been real.

Better death than that, any time.

And so I lay and wasted away, bereft of the will to live until the General slapped me into wakefulness.

"Cut out this nonsense!" he yelled. "I've heard that

you've been mumbling about a Time Funnel. Forget it, 0008. There never was and never will be such a gadget."

"Huh?" I said.

"Listen, 0008!" he snapped. "For your sake—and because I have a small sum of money bet on your survival—I've had your movements checked out. You hear?"

"I hear," I mumbled.

"Okay. You got to Sarawak, that we know. You also got to Clarksville and had an erotic ball there. That we know also."

"That's true," I mumbled.

"Then you set out to find and fix the KRUNCH Field Station. Already—although you may not have known it—you were sick with jungle fever."

"I was?" I gasped.

"Our medical maidens insist this must have been the case. All right. You reached the KRUNCH Field Station. Broke in. And, according to a KRUNCH guard we captured, smashed up the place. After that you passed out, thanks to the combined effects of some fumigants and the aforementioned jungle fever."

"I passed out all right," I agreed.

"Just so," soothed the General. "And after that you suffered the horrid imaginings of fever. You imagined being captured by a girl named KRUNCH Colonel Katherine. You imagined being zapped back and forth through time."

"I did?" I gasped.

"Exactly. Actually, after destroying the KRUNCH Field Station, you met and obviously seduced a strange girl. A very attractive girl, who later brought you to the coast over her shoulder. A girl who calls herself Eve."

"Eve..." I mused.

"Right. This Eve, a fantastically bright chick, according to our Intelligence Testing Department, staggered into the coastal town of CENSORED, carrying you over her shoulder. And her tiny pet in the other hand."

"Fancy," I muttered, sitting up.

"Fact. This girl—Eve—who speaks English fairly well but rather strangely, must obviously have been some sort of beatnik babe bumming through the jungle. She became enamored of you, however. Carried you to safety. Called our Emergency Agent Pick-up Service. Which Service picked the both of you up. And brought you back to HQ. Where you are now malingering with jungle fever—while your strange girl friend is rapidly going through the training programs which will make her a triple-zero SADISTO agent."

"Well I'll be darned," I said, sitting all the way up in bed. "So I imagined the whole thing, huh?"

"Right," said the General. "Feel well enough to get up now, 0008?"

"You bet," I said, leaping out of bed. So the Time Funnel had been but a figment of my fevered imagination. What a relief! And Eve the Cave Girl (as I thought of her) was but a bright babe I'd tarried with in the tropic tree forest...

Joyfully I slithered into my clothes, saluted the General, made tracks toward my luxurious suite on the fourteenth level and loped into same.

And it was just as I'd left it.

Nothing different.

Only there was a note on my bed:

I put Oscar in with your pet bats. He seems to get on well with them, but I think he'll need a cage of his own pretty soon, the way he's growing. See you later. Eve the former Cave Girl and new SADISTO cadet.

I went into the room where I keep my pet bats. And there was Oscar. Looking at me red-eyed.

But what the heck. One pterydactyl isn't enough to shake my healthy disbelief in time travel.

After all, scientists thought the coelacanth had been extinct for fifty million years—and it wasn't. So why shouldn't a few pterydactyls have survived in Sarawak?

Thus cheered, I put the whole incident from my mind.

THE END